THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON FIRST PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1853. WHOLE NO. 1659.

Original Poetry.

THE ANGEL WATCHERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. E. S. SMITH.

Ever came they at the midnight,
From their homes beyond the skies,
By my soul's deptho softly gazing,
With their calm and watchful eyes.
Clouds o'erhung upon my loneliness,
While a hand so cold and chill,
Pressed the lifeblood from my heart heart,
Till each throbbing pulse was still!

Bending softly o'er my pillow,
Came they wrapped and in regret,
When before my raptured vision,
Scenes of heavenly beauty met!
One who was my life Enraged!
Led me up from star to star,
While the glow of God's own glory,
Fell our pathway from afar.

Softly oped the golden portal
Of a fair and stately dome,
And my angel guide bore whispered—
Now—behold thy heavenly home!
Radiant forms were bending o'er me,
With a tender, loving gaze—
They on earth had left me weeping,
At the opening of the day.

Till at length by grief o'erthrowned,
My poor fainting heart went down,
Like a wreck upon the sea—cruel
Death the conqueror's angry form
Then a chorus of cheerful voices
Called my willing feet to roam
Through the glorious starry pathway
Of the spirit' radiant home.

And within its "many mansions"
Most with emotions yet I gazed!
Fair and fragrant as bride's arbor,
When young hearts are first wedded!
Then I heard a voice of weeping,
Turned to gaze with kindly eyes,
Where my angel spirit conducted
Most tenderly my soul!

I awoke—loved friends were kneeling
Imprinted, round my lowly bed,
Their tears fell like rain upon me,
Their sobs were heart-rending.
Sought to win me from the dead.

Then I knew I was not dying,
Bending softly o'er my bed,
Were those angel watch-friends given
Those they were true to me dead,
And on many days they visited me,
With hanged patience, like the dove,
Bore with my earthly nausea,
Through my night of grief.

Sandusky, April, 1853.

Original Novelet.

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING-WHEEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, AUTHOR OF "EARLEY," "LINDA," "MARCUS O'KARLEY," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

"What is this lady"—and beside her
Wise a handsome, graceful, noble cabin!"
—Shakspeare.

"Love was to her imprisoned soul
Not as with others a mere part
Of the existence—but the whole."
—Mrs. Hemans.

We would like to follow Miss Thusa and her mother, and relate the manner in which she decided it given many a cute and insolent attack. But we have commenced the history of younger favorites in early childhood, and we cannot bear to lose sight of them, till we have a long journey before them, and we must leave them to make a long journey before them, and we must leave them to make a long journey. We acknowledge a preference for Miss Thusa. She is a strong, original character, and the mental development forces to rest upon its natural angles and asperities. We have not shunned her sketch, our sole design was to show how her influence on the minds of others, would be make her a warning beacon to the mariner. Yet, like that they might avoid the shoals on which she had run, not merely mortify children who have been wrecked. But we found a beautiful child, and we wished to her young companion. A heart naturally warm, detranded of its natural affections, and exposed to living misery, a mind naturally strong, deformed by dark and narrow limits, no energy concentrated and wrongly applied, no control disciplined, no power through every emergency and every trial, no obstructionists of a lonely woman, how different from all these was the child we have undertaken drawn an array from attractive influences.

We do not know that Miltie can be called attractive, but she is young, handsome and intelligent, and she is young. Her mother had early intellect that too often disarms the judgment and warps the heart. The moment Miltie returned from school, crowned with the laurels of the institution in which she had been educated, she was received and flattered by the manners of a woman, though still in the child, she subjected to her young companions surrounded with a prestige, in whose dazzling rays her childish faults were forgotten. Mrs. Gilmore, too, was pleased to have a companion, not her with every domestic duty, and Miltie, who had never seen Miltie, and as her father always spoke of her as "the little girl," she had pictured to herself a mere schoolfriend, she was not prepared for the spirituality developed, womanly girl, whom she found. Miltie was a beautiful child, of delicate, slight, graceful outlines, which brought an angry flush to her mother's cheek.

"Miltie," said he, emphatically, "she is no child, mother. Remember that she is to receive the same attentions from you that you pay to which she is ordinarily entitled."

"I know she is your wife, sir, and that her which Heaven has blessed you, but she is a mother of mine," replied the young girl, with a haughty toss of her head.

"Miltie," exclaimed the father—what has child have and was scorched by a hand laid upon her own, and a frown upon the face of the amiable step-mother.

"I do not remember her to call me mother," she said. "I do not designate of gaining her affections in time. I care not for the mere name, accompanied by the feelings which make it dear and holy."

She would have supposed that a remark like this uttered in a calm, mild tone, a tone of dignified dignity and affability, would have touched a heart of only fifteen summer's growth, but Miltie knew not yet that she had a heart, she had never yet really loved a human being. Nobody in the sacred tenderness of nature, was reserved for the lightning bolt of passion to shiver the hard, hard-like covering, and penetrate to the living core.

She triumphed in the thought that in the struggle for power between her father's wife and herself she had gained the ascendancy, that she had never yielded one hair of her will, never called her mother, or acknowledged her legitimate and sacred claims. She began to despise the woman, who, in a moment of weakness, she believed, to be over-ruled by a young like herself. But she did not despise Mrs. Gilmore—as a sense which occurred just on the night after her return will show.

Miltie was seated in her own room, where she always remained, save when company called expressly to see her. She appeared isolated by her mother either in discharging the duties of hospitality or in performing those little household offices which fall so gracefully on the young. Engrossed with her books and studies pursuits noble and ennobling in themselves, but degraded from their high and holy purpose when cultivated to the exclusion of the lovely, feminine virtues, Miltie was almost a stranger beneath her father's roof.

The chamber in which she was seated here elegant testimony to the kindness and liberality of her step-mother,—who, before Miltie's return from school, had purposely and furnished this apartment expressly for her two young daughters. As Miltie was the eldest, and to be the first occupant, her supposed tastes were consulted, and her imagined wants all anticipated. Mrs. Gilmore had a small fortune of her own, so that she was not obliged to draw upon her husband's purse when she added to her apartments. She had therefore spared no expense in making this room a little sanctum-sanctorum, where youth would delight to dwell.

Miltie loves books," she said, and she selected superior choice and valuable works for the shelves of a swinging library—of course she must be fond of paintings, and the walls were adorned with pictures which would delight collected their soft, neutral tint.

"Miltie was fond of writing—all school-girls are," there'ere an elegant writing desk must be ready for her use. The implements for the sewing was more doubtful, a beautiful work-box was ready for her accommodation. She well knew the character of Miltie, and her personal opposition to herself, but she was determined to overcome all her prejudices, and failure to be by every endearing obligation.

"His children—my children," she said, "and all that woman can and ought to do shall be done by me before I relinquish my labors of love."

Miltie enjoyed the gift without being grateful to the giver, she basked in the sunshine of comfort, without acknowledging the source from which it emanated. For one year she had been treated with respect, kindness, attention, consideration, and regard, in spite of coldness, haughtiness, and occasional rudeness, which she seemed to despise one who could lavish so much on a thankless, unreturning recipient.

She was surprised when her step-mother entered her room at the unusual hour of breakfast—and looking at the desk which she was reading, her countenance expressed impatience and curiosity. She did not rise or offer her a chair, but after one rude, inattentive glance, resumed her reading. Mrs. Gilmore seated herself with dignity, and while she waited up a book which she still, seemed to be absorbed in its contents. There was something so unusual in her manner that Miltie, in spite of her self-control, was forced to look at her. She saw that she was dressed with unusual care, and that her countenance was flushed as by the high road, gathering around them in opulent the glittering arrows darting from the sky. At length Miltie closed her book with emphasis, and gravely addressed her mother, and knew that the young gentleman who accompanied him must be his friend, Bryant Clinton. The shock on which he sat-hunted, or was black as a raven, and the hair of the young man was as black, and flowing as the horse's sable mane. As he came near, raising the eye, she understood how it was that his brow back in the heaven, encircled with the same golden tones with which everything was shrouded. Her childish imagination had invested the legend of the black horseman, with the jetty hair mentioned in the nurse's bleeding heart. Strange, that it should come back to her so vividly and painfully.

She looked up at her sister, standing on the airy arch of the bridge, and rude directly to her garden gate. Thinking of her, she was instead of darting through the gate, as Louis did, he only dismounted, tied his bad gracefully to the fence, and then took the lovely child in his arms, and kissed her with a brother's fondness. Miltie had always thought her self-sufficient, but she had never known that she could be so conscious of her own insignificance, as she had been during the few moments that she had been in the presence of Louis, for she had repelled him as she had all others by her coldness and reserved pride, and he could not easily forget the impression of gratitude. I was the first time in her life that she had felt huge and self-reliance. I have now come to tell you that my son is ruined. I have done all that I can to save him, but I am afraid I must remain for me to fulfill my duties to myself. If I cannot succeed you have not, I will not allow you to despise me."

She held, bright eye of Miltie actually sank before the rolling, glittering diadem, which gave emphasis to every cool, deliberate word. Here was the mother of her self-made child for her guide, an undeserving her respect, as the usurper of a place to which she had no right, whom she had treated with coldness, neglect, and scorn, the step-mother, and whom she continued to dislike and despise, was compelled to assume the office of one assuming an attitude of commanding self-respect, and asserting her own claims with irresistible dignity and energy. Miltie was confounded by surprise, her usual fluency of language for the moment, and she sat mute—motionless—pale and abashed. *Her silence!* it was the first time the idea of her step-mother having any legitimate claims upon her had ever entered her mind. Something clenched into her heart, foreshadowing the dark future, and she felt more dependent on her father's wife, than on her father's wife on her. It was like the flash of lightning which illumines and reveals, and then flower leads on the table, at which they both were seated.

"I have long since told you, this whole evening," continued Mrs. Gilmore, in a still calmer, more decided tone, "that your brother was ruined, and yours; for the time for a full understanding has come. All the sacrifices I have made during the last year were for your father's peace and your own good. To him I have never complained of your conduct, I have endeavored to myself unworthy to be his wife, if I willingly sanctified longer to the yoke of humiliation. I have not been blind to your faults, nor to those for your love, for which I have so long striven to win. Yet do not have your own family, and you should I expect to inspire what they, father, brother and sister have never kindled in your breast? I care not for your love, but I will have your respect. I duty you from this moment ever to treat me with tenderness, deference and respect, for my word, look of thought, to associate me with the idea of revenge."

Her eye flashed with long suppressed indignation, and her face reddened with the liberated stream of her emotions. Rising, and gathering up her hair, which was sweeping back from her forehead, she took her lamp and turned to depart. Just as she reached the door the tattered book and sobbed, in a relief later,

"Though you will never more see me in the aspect of a seeker after comfort and peace still, I shall never reject any overtures for reconciliation. If the time should ever come, when you feel the need of counsel and sympathy, the sincerity of a friend; if your heart ever swoon-me, Miltie, and listen the new-born cry of helplessness and pain, you will find me ready to listen and relieve. Good-night."

She passed from her presence, and Miltie felt as if she had been in a dream, so strange and sensational was the impression left upon her mind. She was at first perfectly stunned with astonishment, then consciousness, accompanied with some very disagreeable stinging sensations, returned. When a very calm, self possessed person allows herself to assert her gentle the ascendancy over them, they are invested for the moment with overmastering power.

"I have never done justice to her intellect," thought she, recalling the words of her stepmother with an involuntary feeling of admiration; "but I want not her love. When it is necessary to my happiness I will seek it. Lovely she never cared anything about me; she does not pretend that she did. She tried to win my good-will from policy, not sensibility; and this is the origin of all the comforts and luxuries with which she has surrounded me. Why should I be grateful then? Thank Heaven! I am no hypocrite; I never dissembled, never professed what I did not feel. If every one was as honest and independent as I am, there would be very little of this vapid sentimentality, this love-breath, which comes and goes like a night mist, and leaves nothing behind it."

The next morning Miltie could not help feeling some embarrassment when she met her stepmother at the breakfast-table, but the lady herself was not in the least disconcerted; she was polite and courteous, but calm and cold. There was no harrier around her which Miltie felt that she could not pass, and she was uncomfortable in the position in which she had placed herself.

And thus time went on—thus the golden opportunities of youth fled. Miltie was still at school. Louis at college. He had graduated, he came home, accompanied by a classmate whose name was Bryant Clinton, and his coming was an event in that quiet neighborhood. When Louis announced to his father that he was going to bring with him a young friend and fellow collegian, Mr. Gilmore was surprised by the reception of a young and high-bred young gentleman who appeared as his guest.

Miltie happened to be standing on the rustic bridge, near the celebrated bleaching ground of Mr. Gilmore, when a chaise and four drove by. She was no lover of nature, and there was nothing in the bland, dewy stillness of declining day to woo her almost against the glory of a summer's sunset. But from that spiraling bridge Louis caught her eye, she was the first to the dust glimmering like particles of gold, telling that Ella had been busy there—and sometimes as at the present moment, when something unusually magnificent presented itself to her view, she surrendered herself to the pleasure of admiration. There had been heavy, drenching clouds all the latter part of the day, and when the sun burst forth he kindled them, as he came with the touch of Midas, instantaneously transforming every cloud into gold. The trunks of the trees were changed to the golden pillars of an antique temple, the foliage was all powdered with gold, and the very leaves of the grass, and the lowliest, and sweetest of the wild flowers, were changed to gold. Even the humble dwellings of distant homes were all gleaming like molten gold; and every blade of grass was tipped with light—that it quivered in the dark waves of her hair, and all the roses of her cheeks glowed. She did not know her bright and resplendent she looked, when two horsemen appeared in the high road, gathering around them in opulent the glittering arrows darting from the sky. At length Miltie caught the form of her brother, and knew that the young gentleman who accompanied him must be his friend, Bryant Clinton. The shock on which he sat-hunted, or was black as a raven, and the hair of the young man was as black, and flowing as the horse's sable mane. As he came near, raising the eye, she understood how it was that his brow back in the heaven, encircled with the same golden tones with which everything was shrouded. Her childish imagination had invested the legend of the black horseman, with the jetty hair mentioned in the nurse's bleeding heart. Strange, that it should come back to her so vividly and painfully.

She looked up at her sister, standing on the airy arch of the bridge, and rude directly to her garden gate. Thinking of her, she was instead of darting through the gate, as Louis did, he only dismounted, tied his bad gracefully to the fence, and then took the lovely child in his arms, and kissed her with a brother's fondness. Miltie had always thought her self-sufficient, but she had never known that she could be so conscious of her own insignificance, as she had been during the few moments that she had been in the presence of Louis, for she had repelled him as she had all others by her coldness and reserved pride, and he could not easily forget the impression of gratitude. I was the first time in her life that she had felt huge and self-reliance. I have now come to tell you that my son is ruined. I have done all that I can to save him, but I am afraid I must remain for me to fulfill my duties to myself. If I cannot succeed you have not, I will not allow you to despise me."

She held, bright eye of Miltie actually sank before the rolling, glittering diadem, which gave emphasis to every cool, deliberate word. Here was the mother of her self-made child for her guide, an undeserving her respect, as the usurper of a place to which she had no right, whom she had treated with coldness, neglect, and scorn, the step-mother, and whom she continued to dislike and despise, was compelled to assume the office of one assuming an attitude of commanding self-respect, and asserting her own claims with irresistible dignity and energy. Miltie was confounded by surprise, her usual fluency of language for the moment, and she sat mute—motionless—pale and abashed. *Her silence!* it was the first time the idea of her step-mother having any legitimate claims upon her had ever entered her mind. Something clenched into her heart, foreshadowing the dark future, and she felt more dependent on her father's wife, than her father's wife on her. It was like the flash of lightning which illumines and reveals, and then flower leads on the table, at which they both were seated.

"I have long since told you, this whole evening," continued Mrs. Gilmore, in a still calmer, more decided tone, "that your brother was ruined, and yours; for the time for a full understanding has come. All the sacrifices I have made during the last year were for your father's peace and your own good. To him I have never complained of your conduct, I have endeavored to myself unworthy to be his wife, if I willingly sanctified longer to the yoke of humiliation. I have not been blind to your faults, nor to those for your love, for which I have so long striven to win. Yet do not have your own family, and you should I expect to inspire what they, father, brother and sister have never kindled in your breast? I care not for your love, but I will have your respect. I duty you from this moment ever to treat me with tenderness, deference and respect, for my word, look of thought, to associate me with the idea of revenge."

Her eye flashed with long suppressed indignation, and her face reddened with the liberated stream of her emotions. Rising, and gathering up her hair, which was sweeping back from her forehead, she took her lamp and turned to depart. Just as she reached the door the tattered book and sobbed, in a relief later,

Our Picture Gallery.

TOMB OF GRACE DARLING.

This very interesting memorial to the intrepidity of woman has lately been raised in the churchyard of Bamborough, on the coast of Northumberland, where lie the remains of Grace Darling, whose great exertions at the wreck of the *Forfarshire*, in September, 1838, will long be remembered among many other incidences of her heroic humanity. Poor Grace died of consumption, at an early age, she was a native of the ancient town of Bamborough, and was lodged, clothed, and educated at the school in Bamborough Castle, which is supported from the income of Lord Crewe's estates. The trustees of this property subscribed liberally towards the expense of the monument; and the Duchess of Northumberland also subscribed to the interesting work—one which does honor to those who contributed to it.

The monument, as our illustration shows, is an altar tomb, upon which is the recumbent figure of Grace Darling, sculptured in fine white Portland stone, and surrounded by a Gothic canopy, with six side and two end arches. The figure is represented lying on a plaited straw mattress, bearing an oar, such as is peculiar to the Northumberland coast, and beneath the folds of the mattress, at the head, is introduced a kind of sea-weed, which is very abundant in the district.

It may be interesting to add, that there is another memorial to Grace Darling, placed in St. Cuthbert's Chapel on Farn Island, which are inscribed Wordsworth's touching lines, to one

"Pure as the purest, modest, and yet so brave,
Though young, no wise—though meek, no coward-

Selected Articles.

A ROMANTIC TALE.

The following is a fragment of a letter written by a lady at Naples to a friend in America:

I mentioned that I got some particulars of a most romantic and interesting history lately; and I only now have found leisure to write them down for you. When in public with the Marchioness of S——, I had seen her frequently address a very pleasing, fine young woman, whose name and rank I knew, but nothing more; and she said she wished I should be better acquainted with her before she told me her history. She was reserved, but had a mild sort of quiet melancholy in her manner that attracted me very much; and you shall now learn the cause. I am not of liberty to name her, but name, as you must be aware, is not her being called Rosalie, after her saint. She was a daughter of one of the first houses in this country, and brought into the world with every advantage—having been educated at home, and under a very clever mother, who, unfortunately, died when she was only fifteen. Her father had selected a youth for her partner in the very wide worthy of her; and, what seldom happens, the young people were allowed to form an attachment before marriage, by a considerable degree of intimacy. The young Count's mother was a high, violent character, but had not openly opposed still, however, she conducted herself in a manner that showed little partiality to her future daughter. All, however, went on till a few days before the marriage. Great and splendid were the preparations, and friends happiness appeared within their reach. The young people, as usual, were separated for the last two days—the hardly—they gazed at the night with which they parted, to meet again in the happiness of union—love and hope blinding them to all future chances against the completion of their happiness.

The evening before the marriage day, Count F——'s mother came to his house, newly prepared for his bride, and said it had been resolved the marriage should take place on that night privately, to spare his lovely Rosalie's feelings, as she shrank from public solemnity; and that all should be ready, and at an hour she named, he would be called for by a friend. Accordingly, everything was so arranged; and the young man was conducted to the church, his carriage following that of his supposed father-in-law. At the altar, which was finely lighted, stood the priest, and the bride covered by a thin silver tissue veil; and the ceremony proceeded. The youth, when brought to a close, the bride took gloved in the sight-house that, as Clinton said, made her feel as though nothing of the kind could occur, and if I did I would scorn to exercise them.—You have told me a thousand times that you loved me, and I believed you. I would not willingly die a thousand times for the regrets that I have left you. Till you came, I knew not what loving was. I read of it in books. It was the theme of many a fresco tongue, but all was cold and dead. Now, I feel the blood in my veins, and the throbbing heart that now ached with the tumultuous rush of its emotion. Everybody said I had no heart, and I believed them. You first taught me that there was a vital spark burning within me. Now upon it was a beautiful flame. I tell you, Clinton, you had better temper with the lightning's chain than the passions of this suddenly awakened heart. I tell you I am a dangerous being. There is a power within me that I dread, lest it should burst forth in storm. I am a young girl, with no experience. I know of nothing of the blandishments of art

Original Letters.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

NO. II.

Rome, April 8th, 1853.

My Dear Mr. Peterson:—The 5th of this month was a day to be marked with a white stone—so rarely beautiful was it in itself, so full of pleasure for me. Early in the morning, I set out with a charming party of friends, among whom were two or three relatives, who have unexpectedly turned up here in Rome—for *Grotta Ferrata*, to attend the famous Fair, which yearly attracts immense crowds of country people and strangers, and is one of the things which must be seen. *Grotta Ferrata* is a small village, about twelve or fourteen miles from Rome, very picturesque in its position and surroundings. It contains an old castellated monastery, of St. Basilio, and a church, in a chapel of which are some of the most celebrated frescoes of Domenichino. Among those which are very powerful and beautiful compositions, even to an unartistic eye, there is in a large group, the meeting of the Emperor Otho III., and Saint Nilus, a true portrait of Domenichino himself, one of Guido, one of Guercino, and a lovely little figure, which, in the character of a page, illustrated a very romantic page in the life of the artist. It is the portrait of a young girl of Frascati, whom Domenichino loved, but could not win, because of the opposition of her parents—and so wedded her to his genius in immortal nuptials—no doubt greatly to the scandal of her respectable family. I was struck by observing crowd after crowd of the humblest order of peasants pouring into this Chapel, and gazing in unmistakable interest and admiration upon these noble frescoes. These people are born artists and appreciators of art.

The fair was principally outside the walls—but there was a great crowd everywhere. The finest view of the whole field of operations was from the walls. Here you looked over the little square of the town, gay, noisy and tumultuous with laughing and music, eating and drinking, buying and selling—or you looked down a long wide avenue of elm and plane trees, and saw it absolutely packed with a slow, moving mass of people—or you looked over a wide plain to the right, covered with booths, with busy groups of buyers and sellers, with idle groups of lookers on—with cattle and pigs and horses, with vehicles of all imaginable varieties and degrees, from the Prince's superb turnout, with footmen and postillions, to the donkey-cart of the peasant.

It was truly a country fair of the most primitive and unpretending character. The manufactures were of the rudest sort—the little music we heard so wild and simple as to border on the savage—the horses were of the roughest and toughest breed, the swine stunted and scrubby—the agricultural and household implements were queer, clumsy, antediluvian affairs—there was nothing to excite my admiration in going all the rounds, but the cattle—especially the white and fawn-colored oxen of the campagna; I know not whether they are a fine breed for strength and endurance, but they are certainly most magnificent animals. The peasants were out in all the holiday smartness of the various costumes of the several districts and towns. It takes a practised eye to discover much difference between some of them, but they are all more or less brilliant and striking. A beautiful hue of red predominates in those of the women—a lively blue in those of the men. But these Italian costumes are by no means the gay, graceful, flimsy things they are represented in pictures and fancy balls. They are of substantial, coarse material, rudely cut, and roughly made; and those portions which by complaisance pass for white linen, or muslin, are usually far from immaculate. You seldom see the true costumes of the country or towns, in rich and tasteful material, and worn with an air, except on professional models, the *bonnes* of noble families—or the masqueraders at Carnival. Nor does the beauty of the peasants at all come up to one's romantic expectations, or justify the immense amount of poetising on the subject. There is enough in Rome, which is the great artistic market for the article—but in the country, you may often travel for a day without meeting a really handsome man or woman. Beautiful children, you find everywhere, but exposure, ignorance, poor food and scant clothing hardens, stupefies, and prematurely ages them.

I set forth on a regular exploring expedition with a poetic young gentleman through the grounds of this great fair, to find a beautiful *contadina*; but after being dashed hither and thither by the surging crowd, in the gateway, and completely saturated by the all-pervading odors of garlic and cabbage in the dinner-serving booths—after being nearly upset by an unexpected charge of small pigs, on the plain, and running a perfect gauntlet of kicking donkeys, we were obliged to abandon the virtuous enterprise in despair. At one moment, I believed I had discovered the lovely ideal—the "inexpressive she," in a gay Albanese, the centre of a jolly group of peasants, who sat, or rather lounged on the grass, in genuine gipsey style. Just as I pointed her out to my friend, she was lifting by main strength a small wine-cask and drinking from it, in regular hearty pulls—an act slightly dashed with vulgarity, but performed with a singular daring grace, that quite captivated me. But alas, as we drew nearer to the fair Bacchante, we found that she squinted, in the drollest possible way. In other things than pretty peasant girls, we found this exhibition, agreeable and curious as it was, lacking the fine salient properties which make up the popular idea of a country fair: there was neither fighting nor drunkenness, and those who counted on the little diversion of such sights, probably voted the entire affair a humbug. There was only a pleasant, pervading animation, of bargaining and love-making, only the most peaceable and harmless, the mildest and milkiest form of tipsiness. By far the greatest excitement appeared to prevail among the donkeys, who seemed to consider that all this parade, bustle and crowd were solely on their account, and brayed accordingly. The effect of this grand asinine concert was at times tremendous.

We actually found our long-sought beauty on our drive from Grotta Ferrata to Frascati. We overtook her, "riding on an ass," rather suspiciously, not alone, but sitting in front of a handsome young man, and—it must be told—*astride*. Yet she was a smiling, mischievous, darling little damsel, as innocent of all great sins as she was ignorant of small proprieties, very likely. How her brown eyes were dancing, her red lips wreathing, and her white teeth flashing in the joyous spring sunlight!—She was an embodiment of merriment and careless good humor, as she rode thus astride, with her lover's arms about her dainty waist, while he looked happy and proud, bearing away the fairest of the fair, in his holiday suit, pressing his suit with his love. To both, the ride may have been an event as momentous as to us it was ludicrous; that for the time they were enjoying it, with a simple, primitive zest, there was eloquent evidence in arch, smiling eyes and mantling cheeks. The animal they bestrode, which was but a small donkey to bear so great a weight of human felicity, may have had his own private opinion on the subject.

Frascati is most picturesquely situated on one of the lower Alban hills, about three miles below the site of ancient Tusculum. It is a favorite summer retreat of the Romans, as the air is pure, and the views it commands over the Campagna to Rome, the Sabine hills, off to the seashore, and even on to the Mediterranean, are absolutely enchanting. Within and about the town there are several princely villas, the grounds and terraces of which are extremely beautiful.

The Cathedral here, though nothing very grand in itself, is an object of interest as containing the tomb of a prince for whom more was dared, more endured and lost, more noble blood was shed, more happy homes desolated, more heroic hearts broken, than history, or romance, or poetry can tell,—*Charles Edward, the Young Pretender*. He died here in 1788, a strange, humble, and melancholy closing to a life of such struggles and adventures, such grand hopes and imperial pretensions. It seems but a terrible satire on kingly pomp and pride, and on loyal heroism and romance, to see in that dusky old foreign church those rampant royal arms, and to read on the tablet beneath, the haughty claims of the dead prince to the kingship of England, Scotland, France and Ireland.

For an excursion to the ruins of Tusculum, we took donkeys at Frascati, and sad creatures they were, for crowds of people having come from the Fair before us, and started on the ascent, we were limited to the melancholy choice of poor Hobson. Some of these animals were lame, one nearly blind, and all had large and long-established "*rawss*," not over-pleasant to contemplate. Our party was accompanied by a guide, or driver,—a huge, diabolical fellow, with a swelled nose and a black eye—the only positive evidence I have ever seen of an Italian quarrel having come to blows. He ran along behind us, with a large, sharp stick, with which he dug into the sides of the donkeys, whenever they lagged, or stumbled in the ascent, and often, indeed, without the slightest provocation of any kind; keeping up a perpetual succession of wild, discordant yells, interspersed with an occasional "*Coopete!*" and "*Accidente!*" This last curse is something quite awful when addressed to a human being, but loses somewhat of its terrible force, perhaps, when applied to a donkey. It means, "*May you be struck down by a stroke of apoplexy!*"

I had been obliged to content myself with a man's saddle, on which I could only keep my seat by skillful balancing. I rode with an appearance of ease, bordering on recklessness, yet with inward quakings whenever the diabolical driver suddenly darted toward my donkey with his sharp admonisher. There was an elderly lady, of a party just ahead of us, who seemed to be making her first essay on the animal with the ears, or indeed on any animal at all, for she was evidently in mortal fear of being dismounted in some way—or overrun or charged on—so she held fast to the pommel, and defended herself and her donkey at the point of the parasol. About half way up, I heard a short little scream, followed by a merry laugh, and looking round, saw my pretty cousin, Mrs. W———, sitting on the ground. She had been thrown quite over the head of her donkey, who had stumbled and fallen. Ah, then wasn't the diabolical driver after him with his sharpened stick; and didn't the elderly lady hold on tighter to the pommel, and flourish her parasol more menacingly than ever! The roads, or rather the lanes which led us to Tusculum, though rough and steep, are exceedingly beautiful. We passed through little avenues of laurel, and cypress, and olive trees, festooned with luxuriant ivy-vines; on every side were hosts of anemonis of all colors, wild hyacinths and periwinkles, crimson-tipped daisies, and millions of violets, loading the air with delicious fragrance; while almost momently, glanced in and out of the foliage, the quick, lithe lizard—most beautiful of reptiles, bright green, flecked with gold, as though born of the grass and the sunshine. Above us, circling and soaring in the soft blue sky, were larks, sending down upon us from mid-heaven their marvellous trills and jubilant carols, in a perfect rain of melody—while, from the trees along our way, the blackbirds sent forth generous gushes of song, and merry rills of music rippling through the air.

A little way above Frascati, we passed the *villa Ruffinella*, formerly belonging to Lucien Bonaparte—now to the King of Sardinia. This villa, which is handsome and charmingly situated, has some romantic interest as the scene of a daring attack of banditti, who attempted to seize the daughter of the Prince of Canino, but not succeeding, contented themselves by bearing off the Secretary and some servants, whom they retained in the mountains till a large ransom was paid for them. Irving has made this incident the foundation of one of his delightful tales. The ruins of Tusculum are inconsiderable, but all the more deeply interesting—they are pavements like those of the via Sacra and via Appia—several gateways, baths and reservoirs, a fountain—some few remains of Cicero's villa, an amphitheatre and a theatre. The views from the highest ridge of the hill behind the theatre are beautiful beyond description or conception. That wonderful campagna unrolled before us like a vast sea—most lovely in its loneliness and desolation. For all it is so generally level, and so devoid of foliage, it neither looks monotonously flat, or bare. It is wonderously beautiful, and varied by all the shades of green, brown and purple, and by the shadows flung upon it by the clouds above. Then we had all the Alban hills in near view, with Albano, Tivoli grotta, Ferrata, Frascati—and in the blue distance, the spectral ruins about Rome, and Rome itself. I thought, as I reclined on the soft turf of that breezy height, how often Cicero and Cato must have feasted their souls on the surpassing beauty of this view.

On our descent, we met a select party of young cockneys—tall, stoutish fellows, in monotonous suits of gray Tweed, who, mounted on a miserable set of worn out donkeys, were kicking and belaboring them to an almost murderous extent. I could imagine them addressed by their poor victims, somewhat in this wise:—

> Spare us, good cockneys—why show such fierce intent
> To shed the blood of donkeys innocent;
> Your poet teaches we may look to find
> All such as you more clemently inclined.
> Since "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."
> Beware, lest when the "swell" life of the "fast" man "closes,"
> He finds himself "of ours" by a slight metempsychosis. And therefore spare us, good cockneys, and your petitioners will ever bray, &c.

In driving home, we saw the sun set over Rome—a sight ever glorious, ever new. Perhaps these daily miracles of gorgeous beauty are less brilliant here than we sometimes see them in America—but the brightness is more deep and tender; it does not strike off your eyes, but it seems that your gaze sinks and searches into the very innermost heart of the glory.

When we passed the Coliseum, the solemn twilight shadows were deepening fast about it, and the rising winds of night were tossing the tufts of wall-flowers which grow far up among the ancient arches.

A few days ago we visited the Spada Palace, and saw there that statue of Pompey "at whose base great Cæsar fell." There is something truly awful in the sternness of the figure, colossal in its proportions, darkened by age and marred by the rain which once rained around it, overthrew and buried it. Almost fit witness it looks for a deed so stern and dark. The heavy frown on the brows you fancy dates only from that murderous moment—and a faint red stain on the left knee, probably from some metal in the marble, but traditionally, Cæsar's blood, adds a vague horribleness to the figure. Looking at it long, you are brought completely under the spell of its dread memories. You see Cæsar standing beneath it—his proud eyes a-light, and his bold brow radiant with the full-orbed splendor of his greatness and power. You see the conspirators draw near, scowl, glare upon him, strike! Brutus, Cassius, Casca—all. You see the daggers gleam as they descend, and reek as they are withdrawn. You see the upward spurt of the blood which stained that statue; you see the fall, hear the reproachful "*Et tu Brute*," and the low death-groan of Cæsar.

From the Pallazzo Spada we went to the Palazzo *Cancelleria*, where Rossi was stabbed, and where we saw the real undoubted blood-stains on the stairs. We afterwards saw in a neighboring church, his tomb, surmounted by a bust—a head indicating a good deal of power, but a cold and rather a hard face. The Custode told us that many people came daily to view the scene of the assassination—and it is evident that the Roman conservatives are doing all in their power to make a hero and a martyr out of the unfortunate Count. His treacherous taking off was of course a horrible and execrable deed—but it is as yet wrapped in mystery; and surely that was a noble revolution the history of whose brief heroic struggle was stained by but one such crime.

On the 14th I leave for Naples, with a delightful party of friends, Mr. and Mrs. H———, and Miss W———, of New York. The Spring has opened gloriously, and I have rare prospects of enjoyment before me, but I must confess that my heart really aches at the thought of leaving dear, dismal, delightful, dirty old Rome. I have been happier here than I could ever have believed it possible for me to be so far from country, home—all that my soul holds most sacred and dear. I have been wondrously consoled by its beauty and art, by its soft air even, in all my loneliness and sadness of heart.

Of the kind friends who came with me, and whom I have made or encountered here, some remain, and some take other ways homeward. May God's care and blessing go with these, and stay with those.

While I am travelling, my letters may reach you rather irregularly—but if I do not faint by the way, I shall always write. Adieu.

Truly yours,
GRACE GREENWOOD.

> A few can touch the magic string,
> And noisy fame is proud to win them—
> Alas! for those that never sing,
> But die with all their music in them!
> *Holmes.*

☞ A Village Without a Name.—N. P. Willis says there's a village near the Hudson, *without a name*. The inhabitants cannot tell you where they live.

☞ Thomas Fuller, after telling young writers that they should let their judgment be king, but not tyrant, over their fancy, adds, by way of illustration, that "some, for fear their orations should giggle, will not let them smile. Give it liberty to rove, for it will not be extravagant. There is no danger that weak folks, if they walk abroad, will straggle far, as wanting strength."

☞ An author unknown achieves the following remark: "The entrance of a single woman of talent into a family, is sufficient to keep it clear of fools for several generations."

☞ If you would enjoy your meals, be good-natured. An angry man can't tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrellas.

☞ Private men, for their virtues, have been made kings; and kings, for their vices, have been deposed.

☞ It is the ruin of many men, because they cannot be best, they will be nothing; and if they may not do as well as they would, they will not do as well as they may.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1853.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &C.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in *advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,		$5 00 Per Annum.
8 "	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00 "
13 "	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00 "
20 "	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00 "

Addition to Clubs.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so.

OUR NOVELETS.

We shall forward the back numbers of Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet,

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING-WHEEL,

to new subscribers, until further notice.

For the benefit of strangers who may chance to see the present number of the Post, we may state that, at the conclusion of Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet, we expect to publish a story called

A STRAY PATCH FROM AUNT HANNAH'S QUILT,

by Mrs. Frances D. Gage, well known to Western readers as the author of certain interesting household sketches, poems, &c. And follow that by another novelet from Mrs. Southworth, to be called

THE LOST HEIRESS; A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

In addition to the above attractions, we are now publishing a series of

LETTERS FROM EUROPE,

by Grace Greenwood. The series will include "letters from Rome, Naples, Florence, Switzerland, France and England."

Of course, the usual Miscellany of the paper, in the shape of selected stories, sketches and essays from the English magazines, general and political news, &c., shall not be neglected.

Mrs. Lee Hentz's Novelet.—We think this story takes a fresh hold upon the interest of the reader this week. To our mind, this is the best number yet.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A correspondent says:

I observe that you still insert an advertisement in your columns of "A chance to make money by which from 5 to 10 dollars a day may be made by the knowledge of a discovery which he will send to any one on receipt of 1 dollar." I confess I was myself taken in by this, principally because *I supposed the editor of a paper of such good standing as the Post would insert no advertisement in it but what he knew to be true.* I beg hereby to inform the numerous patrons of the Post that instead of an individual making from 5 to 10 dollars a day by the discovery, not one out of ten will make any thing.

As to the advertisement alluded to, there seems to be some difference of opinion, for we observe that the editor of the National Era pronounces it to be well worth the money. It is, if we are not mistaken, a receipt to make some article in common use—and we know that Mr. Day made a fortune out of a receipt for shoe-blacking, given to him by an old soldier, in return for an act of charity.

But be the advertisement a humbug, or not, we are not responsible for it. Our correspondent says, "I supposed the editor of a paper in such good standing as the Post, would insert no advertisement but what *he knew to be true*." Bless your wits, man alive, what are you thinking of? Do you suppose we hold ourselves responsible for all the statements put into our advertising columns by the venders of Patent Medicines and Cosmetics, Magazine Publishers, Booksellers, Shopkeepers, &c? And edit the Post into the bargain? You must have a splendid idea of our capabilities—to say nothing of our industry. But we will undeceive you. The truth is, we seldom read an advertisement before we see it in print—and often not even then. Our clerk has general orders to reject a certain class of improper advertisements; but who could expect him to refuse to lay before the readers of the Post, such handsome offers to supply them with fortunes at the cheap rate of one dollar, postage paid. He would be cruel, indeed, thus to

"Shut the gates of money on mankind."—

considering how many people are willing to believe that those gates can be raised by paying a slight tribute to certain benevolent gentlemen who stand behind the curtain—and all of whom doubtless have realized fortunes again and again, by the simple process which they are so disinterestedly recommending to others. The only wonder to us, is, that they should soil their palms with paltry dollars, when they have in their possession a key to such uncounted treasure.

One thing, in conclusion, we would say for the consolation of those of our readers who have thrown away their dollars, as they falsely deem, "without sufficient cause." Gentlemen, you have made a good investment, you have received the full worth of your money—if not in perishable lucre, at least in wisdom, of which no man can rob or otherwise deprive you. It is clear that you needed just that wisdom which you have secured—or else you would not have bought and paid for it. You bought, moreover, at a low price—many have given thousands for what you have paid only one dollar for, postage excluded. Take comfort in that thought. Pocket your wisdom—consider it a rich exchange for the dollar—regard it as that fortune which you were to receive by due return of mail. Doubtless, in the course of time, it will yield you a rich harvest, even in "filthy lucre."

Hit It at Last.—Miss Lucy Stone, a Lecturer on Woman's Rights, is said to have recommended at Syracuse, that "the daughters of this land should never commit matrimony" until their legal disabilities were removed.

We think Miss Lucy has hit the nail on the head at last. Just persuade all the young ladies to agree to that, and we predict that the men—old and young, legislators and private citizens—will surrender at discretion. As for Miss Lucy herself, doubtless she is prepared to set an example to her more unstable sisters. "Take your time, Miss Lucy," and doubtless you will bring at least one of the male tyrants to due repentance and amendment.

Academy of Fine Arts.—We notice that the Annual Exhibition is now open. It is well that with the opening blossoms and leaves of Spring, these blossoms and leaves of American artistic genius also should gladden and make more serene and beautiful the soul. Alas, they are as yet but leaves and blossoms—we fear the glowing and perfect fruit must be left for the Summer and Autumn of our country to mature.

☞ A telegraph line from London to Calcutta and Canton has been projected. A girdle will be put round the world one of these days.

THE SPIRIT RAPPINGS.

As considerable curiosity exists relative to the letter from Ex-Senator Tallmadge, upon Spirit Rappings, we give it this week at length. Of course Ex-Senators are not infallible in their conclusions; though they *ought* to be more careful in their assertions, and of sounder judgments than the common run of people.

We see it stated that Mr. Calvin R. Brown, the husband of Mrs. Fish—of the famous rapping family—died recently in New York; and that after his death a "grand pow-wow" of the faithful was held over his dead body. The spirit of the deceased is *said* to have communicated with those present by raps on his coffin—the raps being some of the loudest ever heard.

In Essex, Massachusetts, where rapping has become a mania—a young lady recently became so wildly deranged as to require continual restraint. We notice further, that two of the principal mediums are said to have renounced the faith, and pronounced the idea of communication with the spirits of the departed an illusion.

That insanity may be induced by other greatly protracted and intense exercises of the mind and soul, is proven by the following:

At Bowling Green, Ohio, Valentine Sage, in a fit of insanity caused by the excitement of a ten days' protracted meeting, killed one of his children and attempted to destroy his wife. He is now a raving maniac in Perrysburg Jail, but has a perfect knowledge of what he has done, and justifies the act on the ground that the child is now happy in Heaven.

Sober-minded men, of all religious persuasions, should set their faces against that over-strained enthusiasm in religious matters which so often destroys the reason—as the records of our Lunatic Asylums prove. Let your moderation be shown in *all* things.

Notwithstanding Mr. Tallmadge's conclusions, we would counsel our readers to be cautious how they disregard that instinctive repugnance which nearly every one feels to investigate these alleged spiritual communications. It is safer for the majority to stand at a distance, and read the results which more venturesome people have arrived at—on the principle of the old proverb, which we amend a little to suit the occasion, He who sups with one that he fears is the Devil, should have a long spoon.

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.

The following paragraph gives an account of a recent proceeding in New York:

Presentation to the Archbishop of Bogota.—Archbishop Mosquera, of Bogota, was presented with a superb gold ring, by the Roman Catholic clergy and laity, at Metropolitan Hall, New York, on Tuesday morning week, as a testimonial of their respect for his conduct during the recent troubles in New Grenada. Rev. Dr. Cummings read an address to the Archbishop; after which the presentation address was read by Rev. John Loughlin. The Archbishop replied at considerable length, in Spanish, which was translated by Rev. Dr. Cummings.

Do our readers wish to know what kind of *persecution* forced the Archbishop of Mosquera to leave the Republic of New Grenada—which is, we believe, a Roman Catholic State? It is said to be, nothing less than the bringing of the ecclesiastics under the jurisdiction, in *civil matters*, of the legal tribunals of the country. Another naughty proceeding of New Grenada, has been the reduction of the tithes, which bore oppressively upon the people. And then we have certain other horrible doings, described by the Pope, in his Allocution, as follows:—

"Nor must we pass over in silence, that, by the new Constitution of that Republic, enacted in these recent times, among other things the *right, also, of free education* is defended, and *liberty of all kinds* is given unto all, so that each person may *even print and publish his thoughts*, and all kinds of monstrous portents of opinions, and *profess privately and publicly whatever worship he pleases*."

"Free education"—"liberty of speech, of the press, and of religious opinions"—horrible! most horrible heresy!

Doubtless the "Roman Catholic clergy and laity" who took part in the recent proceedings at New York, are strong friends of political and religious liberty—*in the United States.*

More Railroad Homicide.—We give in our news columns the particulars of the recent dreadful "accident"—as it is generally termed—or homicide, as we think it more correct to call it, on the New York and New Haven Railroad. It is awful to think of—two cars full of unapprehensive and joyous men, women and children, plunged in a moment, in the turning of a hand, as it were, into an almost instantaneous death. And all through the carelessness and recklessness of one man—the engineer. If a person who causes the death of one other, by a careless pitching of a plank from the roof of a house, deserves and would receive punishment by due course of law, how much greater punishment does that man deserve whose recklessness has destroyed some fifty fellow beings, intrusted entirely to his watchfulness and care?

And yet, while demanding that the guilty party in the above case shall be held to a strict accountability, all will confess the inefficiency of after punishment to insure safety in railroad and steamboat travelling. This can only be secured by obtaining the services of the most careful, discreet and exemplary men—men who will feel the serious responsibility of their position to the very core of their hearts, and will relax not a moment in their sleepless and untiring vigilance.

To insure the employment of such men, we know no better way than to hold the companies themselves responsible for damages in all such cases. We do not mean to say that heavy damages should be given against any company, which has used its best efforts to procure, and had good reason to believe it had procured, the services of the right kind of men. But the presumption in case of accident should be that the company had employed an incompetent person, and the burden of proof should rest upon it to show that it had sufficient reason to believe that he was careful, discreet and trustworthy.

Within the last few weeks, the destruction of and injury to life from these railroad and steamboat homicides, has been very great. By the wreck and burning of the steamship Independence, on the Pacific coast, 125 lives were lost; 15 by the collision on the Central and Southern (Michigan) Railroad; 25 by the burning of the Ocean Wave, on Lake Ontario, and 46 by the New York and New Haven Railroad accident. This enumeration does not include hundreds maimed, crippled or disfigured.

That by the employment of the right kind of men and material, nine out of ten of these homicides could be avoided, we have no doubt. But good men and good material will cost more at first—though perhaps not in the end—than bad ones. We think it very probable that the desire to lessen expenses, even at the risk of human life, is the great cause of these wholesale murders, which plunge hundreds of families into the deepest distress and mourning.

Employers and Employed.—When the relation between employers and employed becomes one of war, instead of mutual aid and friendliness, scenes such as the following must be expected:—

At the time of the "Waiters" strike recently, the table waiters employed at the Mansion House, called on the proprietors at 8 o'clock in the morning, while breakfast was on the table, and demanded $18 per month, instead of $15, which they had been receiving. Gen. Yale told them that he would pay the advance *to all of them that remained after the 1st of May.* The waiters resumed their duties. Yesterday the waiters again repaired to the office of the hotel to get the advance. Each of them was settled with, and told by Mr. Yale that he had no further use for his services. Just before the gong sounded for dinner twelve young girls, neatly attired, took their places in the dining-room, and went through with their duties in a manner highly pleasing to the numerous guests of the house.

The above, adroitly managed as it was, and without breaking the letter of the contract, is only to be justified on the adage that "all is fair in time of war." We do not justify it, however.

Thou, too, Brutus.—We notice that Senor Baez, upon leaving the Presidential chair of the Dominican Republic, read to Congress a long message, "in which he drew a vivid picture of the prosperous state of the country, advising that *the support of the European governments should be sought for the support of the young country.*" We have a notion of sending Senor Baez a copy of Mr. Douglass's speeches on the "Monroe Doctrine."

Professor Liebig.—This eminent gentleman recently was lecturing at Munich on Chemistry before the Royal Family, when a bottle of oxygen gas exploded, slightly injuring the Queen and several of her party. The Professor also was slightly injured, having escaped with his life by a sort of miracle.

Death of Judge Gibson.—This distinguished Judge, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, died on Tuesday of last week, in this city, in the 73rd year of his age. His decisions generally were considered very able and luminous by the legal fraternity.

The Rocket Factory.—The friends of Kossuth, it is stated, have determined to prosecute the London Times for its persistence in charging Kossuth with being implicated in the Rocket affair.

Bishop of South Carolina.—In the Protestant Episcopal Convention, High Church and Low Church, unable to choose their preferred candidates, compromised on the Rev. M. Davis.

EXAGGERATION.

In a recent lecture in New York, on Great Britain, Horace Mann said:

"There we found the extremes in society, in a contrast seen nowhere else. Four thousand men devoted to an elegant monopoly, and hard by 2,000 human beings crowded into 400 yards square. Women obliged to make ten thousand strokes with a hammer for the value of one shilling! A child, four years of age, confined in a black pit six days and nights in the week, with scarcely liberty to sleep when necessary."

Is there not some exaggeration in the above statements? As to the last charge, relative to the children in the coal pits, we believe that was true some years ago; but, if we remember rightly, certain laws were passed as the result of the legal investigation into the subject, intended to correct the more enormous of the evils then brought to light.

Then as to the women obliged to make ten thousand strokes with a hammer for one shilling—if they made on an average ten strokes a minute, it would take one thousand minutes, or over sixteen hours, to make the ten thousand strokes. This may be a true statement, but we are inclined to think it somewhat of an exaggeration.

As to the 2,000 human beings in 400 yards square—we confess we are in doubt as to whether yards square or square yards are meant. For, if the first be intended, each person would have a space of 36 feet long by 20 feet broad—or each family of five, a space 100 feet long by 36 broad; which is not such terrible crowding for a town—while, if square yards be meant, each person would have less than two feet square to himself or herself; which would be a crowding together about equal to that of the deadly Black Hole of Calcutta.

We do not say that these things stated by Mr. Mann are not so, but we are inclined to believe either that they are considerably exaggerated, or that they refer to a state of things in existence some fifteen or twenty years since. The facts, as they exist at the present time, doubtless are bad enough, without there being any necessity of adding even the shadow of a shade to them. If, however, Mr. Mann's statements be not exaggerated, but the simple truth, we should like to "stand corrected" by him or some one else.

Printers' Strike in Baltimore.—The printers in Baltimore have mounted the very highest and most skittish kind of a horse, and there is every probability of their being thrown. They not only have refused to work for employers who will not pay an advance on their wages, but have struck, in certain offices where the advanced price was paid, because those offices persisted in giving portions of their work, as before, to Mr. Sherwood, who declined acceding to the new rates. Whether they would allow their "bosses" to continue a speaking acquaintance with Mr. Sherwood—or the Mrs. Bosses to pay visits hereafter to Mrs. Sherwood—is not stated. Doubtless an invitation to supper—much more dinner—given to Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, would be viewed as an act of "aid and comfort" towards him on the part of the Bosses not to be tolerated for a moment.

As we write this, we see it stated that the printers who are out of work intend establishing a daily paper. We think this an admirable project. If they do not have a pretty correct idea of what rate of wages three out of four newspapers can afford to pay, before their daily is six months old, we shall be very much mistaken.

The Arithmetical Puzzle.—A correspondent of the "Southern Weekly Post," J. D. Mann, who says—"I was born and raised in Cumberland County, North Carolina; I have not been compelled for forty years to yield to any person as possessing superior capacity to myself in the calculation of figures"—states that he gave, five years ago, the answer to the puzzle which lately has been going the rounds, as follows:

14 3-5
76 8-20
9
——
100

The cipher is used in the above, it will be noticed. Mr. Mann asks the following:

What two figures added (being alike) make ten besides the figure five [5.]

You can add two V's together, and make an X—but this is using the Roman 5. Is there any other way to do it?

The Mesilla Valley.—Commissioner Bartlett is out in an answer to Governor Lane, which appears to sweep the Mesilla Valley right from under the Governor's feet, into the State of Chihuahua, Mexico. We publish a condensed version of Mr. Bartlett's argument in our general news. Mr. B. says:—

The "unwarrantable assumption" of Chihuahua, as Gov. Lane is pleased to call it, consists, therefore, in retaining possession of a district she had *always* possessed—over which she had *always* exercised jurisdiction—which is accorded to her by the Treaty map, and all authorized and authentic maps—by the official report made by her engineers in 1836; by various printed works on the country previous to the war, and lastly by her Constitution. These are the grounds on which Chihuahua bases her right of occupancy.

Hard Hitting.—One of the Kentucky editors, alluding to a certain candidate for Congress in those parts, says:—"Our personal regard for him is extensive; as to his legislative qualifications we know nothing—but for his *patriotism*, when we last saw him, he *knew* no North, no South, no East, no West! We kindly extended him our arm and led him up an alley."

Miscellaneous.

EX-SENATOR TALLMADGE ON THE "SPIRIT RAPPINGS."

[We copy from the National Intelligencer, of Washington, the following communication—enclosing a letter from Ex-Senator Tallmadge, of New York, to Ex-Senator Simmons, of Rhode Island, relative to the Spirit Rappings:]

Collamore House, New York, April 30, 1853.

Messrs. Gales & Seaton—A friend has just called my attention to an article in the National Intelligencer of the 25th inst., headed "Impostures and Delusions." The article is not under the Editorial head; still it is not marked as a communication, and was considered by the gentleman who handed it to me, and would be considered by the generality of your readers, as an editorial. Be this, however, as it may, the article is published by you without any dissent from its views, and may therefore be taken by the uninformed as meeting your approbation.

The writer alludes to the "Salem Hangings," and says "that there may yet arise, at future periods, similar or analogous disorders of the popular mind, invading and corrupting the whole body politic, which it may be like manner become necessary to *suppress by the strong hand of the law. Indeed, we might point, as already coming within this category, the Rochester Knockings, with their kindred train of rascalities and abominations.*"

A little further on the writer adds: "In like manner it is the general opinion of well-informed and deep-thinking persons that it is already high time to call in legislative aid, if the execution of no existing statutes can reach the present evil, for this perilous imposture, or yet more perilous contagion of morbid minds."

This is a sweeping denunciation of all who have investigated these "spiritual manifestations," and who have expressed a belief in their truth. And the spirit which pervades the whole article would not only recall the "Salem Hangings," but would also invoke the "fires of Smithfield." I have no hesitation in saying I am one "coming within this category." And, let me assure you, there are throughout this widely-extended country some of the brightest and most exalted intellects who have, from a thorough investigation of this matter, come to the same conclusion. Yet such men are to be thus denounced by a writer who is so far behind the intelligence of the age that he includes in his denunciations mesmerism and clairvoyance, which are considered by intelligent and scientific men as well established as electricity and magnetism. If this were all, he would deserve simply to be laughed at. But, in regard to spiritualism, he probably never condescended to examine the subject, and yet assumes that he knows more about it by mere instinct than others of equal talent, to say the least, do by the most patient research and philosophical investigation.

This article, I am persuaded, has been published by you without full examination or due reflection. It runs counter to all the principles of "law and order" which have been so uniformly enforced in the National Intelligencer. And I regret extremely that such disorganizing, such abominable, such flagitious sentiments should, even indirectly have the influence of your names. I feel myself as being included in these denunciations; for, although I do not obtrude my opinions or my facts on any one, still I have communicated freely with those who have voluntarily sought information on this subject. During the last Winter at Washington I conferred fully, and on their own solicitation, with some of the most distinguished men in the nation. I gave to them my own opinions, and the exalted communications and facts on which those opinions were founded.

Retired from public life, I have desired in this, as in all other matters, to avoid public observation. At the same time, you have been acquainted with me well enough and long enough to know that, when I have deliberately formed an opinion on any subject, I have that rare quality, called moral courage, which enables me to avow it either in private or in public.

So far as the public are concerned, I have as yet endeavored to maintain a profound silence. But, considering myself as one of those so vindictively denounced in the article alluded to, further silence on my part would argue pusillanimity, and cease to be a virtue. I have not language to express my astonishment at the suggestions and doctrines there put forth—doctrines which subvert the very principles of civil and religious freedom, guaranteed by the Constitution under which we live. Who could have conceived that, at this advanced period of the nineteenth century, whilst we are surrounded by the multiplied evidences of the rapid progress in science and the arts, we should witness such evidences of bigotry and superstition, and such a retrogression towards the "Cimerian Darkness" which spread like a pall over the ancient world? If there was ever a monomania on any subject, it is on the part of those who have, without knowledge or investigation, denounced so madly these "Spiritual Manifestations." I find no fault with those who do not believe in them; but I cannot withhold an expression of my surprise, that intelligent minds can be found to denounce those who do investigate them.

To vindicate myself, therefore, from these aspersions, I enclose you a copy of a letter which I wrote early last January to the Hon. James F. Simmons, former United States Senator from Rhode Island. The letter was written in the confidence of private friendship, and not intended for the public eye. Such as it is, however, I send to you, and ask, as an act of justice, that you will publish it, together with this letter, in the National Intelligencer.

You need not be told who James F. Simmons is. He occupied a seat for several years with me in the Senate of the United States; and amongst all the members of that body you did not number two better friends. We were both deemed capable at that time of examining satisfactorily any question of finance, or of political economy, on which we might be engaged. But now, because we have thoroughly investigated these "Spiritual Manifestations," and believe in their truth, we are included in the general, and Judge Edmonds in the particular, denunciations of this writer. I have given the character of Judge Edmonds in my letter to Mr. Simmons; and I will only add here, in reference to the retailed slander and sneering remark of the writer in regard to his decisions, that, as a Judge, he unites the qualities of two of the brightest luminaries of the English bench, namely, the profundity of Bacon with the intuition of Mansfield.

Very respectfully, yours,
N. P. TALLMADGE.

LETTER TO MR. SIMMONS,

(ABOVE ALLUDED TO.)

Washington, January 10, 1853.

My Dear Sir—I was pleased to see in the January number of "Putnam's Monthly" a statement of your experience in "Spiritual Manifestations." In our conversation at Washington, during the last session of Congress, you had stated the same to me.

My experience is, probably, more limited than yours; but yours has served, in some measure, to strengthen the impressions made on my own mind by the investigation I have given to this mysterious subject.

I had heard for a long time of the "Rochester Knockings," but had paid no heed to them; on the contrary, had considered them a delusion which would soon pass away. I continued under these impressions till some time last Spring, when my attention was called to a newspaper attack on Judge Edmonds for being a believer in these "Spiritual Manifestations." I had known Judge Edmonds for thirty years; had practiced law in the same Courts; had served in the Senate of New York with him; had been associated with him also as a member of the Court for the Correction of Errors, the highest Court in the State; had known him since that time as a Justice of the Supreme Court, and more recently as a Judge of the Court of Appeals, where he holds a deservedly high and distinguished rank amongst his brethren, the able Judges of that Court of last resort in the State of New York. I also knew him as a gentleman of finished classical education, and as a lawyer of an acute mind, and a decided talent for investigation. And, above all, I knew him to be a man of unimpeachable integrity. Knowing all these things, I concluded that if he had become a believer in "Spiritual Manifestations," it was, at least, a subject worthy of investigation.

Accordingly, I determined to investigate it, as opportunity should present. I thought I could bring to bear on it a pretty good share of common sense, and a reasonable talent for investigation. And knowing withal that I had not a great deal of enthusiasm in my composition, I believe I could enter upon the investigation without much danger of being carried away by any delusion.

In this frame of mind I commenced the investigation of this subject; being an entire unbeliever, but entering upon it with a sincere desire to ascertain the truth. I will not trouble you with the facts which were developed in the progress of my investigation. Suffice it to say, they were of the most astounding character. I soon became satisfied of two things: first, that the "medium" did not know from whence the "raps" proceeded; secondly, that she did not know from whence the communications came. Perhaps I ought in this connexion to observe that, in pursuing this investigation, all my questions were propounded *mentally*. The medium did not and could not know what they were, and of course could not tell what answers to give, or what would be appropriate responses to the questions thus mentally propounded.

Objectors cannot deny that these answers come from an *intelligent* source; but they sometimes say that they are to be found in the mind of the interrogator. It is true that the interrogator oftentimes knows the answer to the question *mentally* propounded by him; and it is equally true that he frequently does *not* know what the appropriate answer should be, but ascertains its truth afterwards. Neither can he in any way anticipate many communications which are made without any questions being asked. I have frequently received such communications of an elevated character, and far above the capacity of the medium. I conclude, therefore, they do not come from the medium, nor from the mind of the interrogator.

These communications, too, are perfectly characteristic of the individuals from whom they purport to come. I have had frequent communications purporting to come from my old friend, John C. Calhoun, which his intimate friends would pronounce perfectly characteristic of him; and some of them, both in style and sentiment, worthy of him in his palmiest days in the Senate of the United States. I have had similar ones purporting to come from Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, of the same elevated order, and peculiarly characteristic of the individual. I can make the same remark of other individuals.

I have seen rapping mediums, writing mediums, and speaking mediums, and have received communications through all of them. I have witnessed physical manifestations, such as the movement of tables, without any visible agency. These *physical* manifestations are more satisfactory to the mass of mankind, because they appeal directly to the senses. I am better pleased myself with the *moral*, if I may so call them, than the physical manifestations.

The next question is, from whence do these manifestations, whether physical or moral, proceed? Judge Edmonds was told that they were all according to natural laws, which would in due time be fully developed; and he was directed to read Von Reichenbach's Dynamics of Magnetism and Electricity, (a book he had never heard of before,) as a means of enabling him to understand these laws. I have read the book myself. The writer proves conclusively the discovery of a new element, which he calls *od*, or the *odic force*. He proves that this element pervades not only the human system, but the material world and the whole universe. He finds it in the rays of the sun, moon and stars. Late English writers of high reputation consider the existence of the odic force as well established as that of magnetism and electricity. It combines many of the qualities of the two latter, and is antagonistic to some of them. It may be presumed, therefore, that this newly-discovered element enters, in some sort, into these manifestations. It is said that this accounts for the *physical* manifestations. But no one can show *how* this force produces them. And even if this were proved, it still remains to account for the *intelligence* in the communications which are received. That intelligence does not come from tables, or chairs, or other material objects. It must come from mind, or from a spiritual source. This new element may be the medium of conveying it to us. To illustrate, let me suppose that a friend in New York wishes to communicate with me in Washington. He sends his communication to me through the electric telegraph. The communication is received and written down here the same as a communication is received and written down through the rapping medium. I ask how is that communication from my friend conveyed to me? The answer is, by the electric fluid. But does the electric fluid *make* the communication? The answer is no; the *mind* of my friend does that. So in the case of the rapping medium, the communication comes from some source of *intelligence*. This intelligence, as every one knows who has investigated these matters, does not come from the table that is moved by some invisible power, nor from the medium, nor from any one present. It is therefore to be inferred that it comes from a spiritual source; and more especially when communications are received on subjects exclusively known to those communicating.

Some have attempted to account for all those things by mesmerism, clairvoyance, and psychology. Let it be remembered that twelve or fifteen years ago mesmerism, clairvoyance, &c., were as much denounced as "spiritual rappings" are now. They were called humbugs and jugglery then, as these manifestations are at this day. This prejudice and denunciation continued in England till the publication of the philosophical treatise of the Rev. Mr. Townsend, which changed the whole current of public sentiment. There have been many able publications on these subjects since that time, and they are now considered as well established as magnetism or electricity. Suppose these denunciations had deterred philosophical minds from investigating them, how much light would have been lost to science and the world? Now, all the magic, the mysteries, the witchcraft, and necromancy of the ancient world, from the time of the Delphic Oracle, are explained by these modern investigations; and all popular delusions, however exaggerated, are now shown to have truth for their basis. I have read many of the ablest writers on these subjects; but to my mind not one of them has been able to account for these "Spiritual Manifestations." Hence the greater importance of continuing these investigations. To denounce, therefore, those engaged in them is as unwise as it is unphilosophical; and more especially if such denunciations come from those who never witnessed any of the facts and manifestations which have convinced the judgments of men equally intelligent, equally honest, and as little likely to be deluded as themselves.

But what is the objection to investigating this matter? Is it feared that there may be some discrepancies between the religious sentiments communicated and the tenets of the different religious denominations amongst us? Such discrepancies are heard every Sunday from our different pulpits throughout the land. And still all denominations of Christians, though differing about particular tenets, maintain the great and leading doctrines of Christianity. And from the investigation I have given the subject, I agree with the Rev. Adin Ballou, who has written the most candid and satisfactory explanation I have seen, that "*whatever of divine fundamental principle, absolute truth, and essential righteousness there is in the Bible, in the popular religion, and in the established Churches will stand. It cannot be done away. On the contrary, it will be corroborated and fulfilled by spirit manifestations.*"

It has been objected that there have been cases of derangement arising from these manifestations. If there be such cases, I apprehend they are less numerous than they have been represented, and may have arisen from other causes than the one to which they have been attributed. But, be that as it may, and be the number great or small, it has no possible bearing on the question. Derangement has often followed from religious excitement, and the over-excited passions of the human heart. Still, this is no objection to the investigation of the truths of religion, or of the emotions and passions of our nature. Neither is it an objection to investigating the subject under consideration. Denunciations cannot stop it, but on the contrary tend to encourage it. But for the denunciations of Judge Edmonds, an old acquaintance and friend, I doubt whether my attention would have been called to it. If it be true, it should be known; for great and mighty results must follow. Already we hear of many who have been converted from infidelity, and now proclaim the immortality of the soul, and that "death is" *not* "an eternal sleep." If it be not true, that can only be ascertained by investigation; and the sooner it be done the better. In either case, therefore, all good citizens, all intelligent minds should unite in ascertaining the truth or falsity of this the greatest phenomenon of the present or any preceding age.

It is understood to be a general belief, at this day, amongst all Christian denominations, that spirits visit this earth; that they impress us, and thereby protect us from accident and danger. Every one's own experience will confirm the truth of this observation. A communication to me, purporting to come from Mr. Calhoun, conveys the same idea; wherein he says, "We, by our united will acting upon spirits clothed in flesh, influence them to perform duties which benefit mankind." If, then, such be the general belief, is it any great stretch of that belief, after the astounding facts we have seen and heard, to suppose that there may have been discovered a mode by which spirits can now communicate with us, in addition to attending and impressing us, and that they are permitted so to do? To my mind the conclusion is perfectly rational and philosophical. With all the evidences of progress which surround us here, how can we discard such evidences from the spirit world, which is believed to be one of "everlasting progression."

Many persons, unable to resist the evidence of the spiritual source of these communications, are finally compelled to admit them, and, as a last resort, charge them as emanating from evil spirits. I consider this as giving up the controversy. There *may* be communications from evil spirits. But that does not conflict with the communications which bear internal evidence of coming from the "spirits of just men made more perfect." There is an abundance of communications purporting to come from such a source, and of the purest, most elevated, and most religious character. If the "evil one" has prompted these, I confess I have heretofore formed a very wrong estimate of his character.

On the whole, the result of my investigations thus far is, that the weight of evidence is in favor of the truth of these "spiritual manifestations." But I shall continue to investigate as opportunity offers. And if, hereafter, the preponderance of evidence shall incline to the other side, I shall as readily announce that result as I have above communicated the other.

In the mean time, let us exercise all possible charity for those who do not believe; and especially those who denounce without investigation, and condemn without knowledge; for they are those that most need it.

Excuse this desultory communication, and accept the assurance of the high respect and esteem with which I am, very truly yours,

N. P. TALLMADGE.

Hon. James F. Simmons.

The End of a Career of "Pleasure."—The Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia Daily Register tells the following:

Day before yesterday, some boatmen fished out of the Canal St. Martin, the body of a woman of about forty years of age. The absence of any trace of violence put aside all supposition of a crime, and it was soon found that the death was the result of suicide. This woman was soon recognized, but as no one came forward to claim her body, it was buried at the city's expense. The following is a short sketch of her history, similar to that of so many women in this great metropolis.

From the age of sixteen until five years ago, M'lle Euphemie (she was known by no other name,) was a celebrity. For fifteen years she was considered the most beautiful woman who had ever been seen upon the French stage, and her talent, as a comic actress, was very superior. You may imagine, therefore, how great was the number of her adorers. Thanks to their generosity, Euphemie had the most splendid hotel in the Chaussée d'Antin, furnished in princely style; and her equipage eclipsed that of any other displayed in the fashionable drives. This lasted, as I have said, for fifteen years; and then the excesses of every kind in which she lived, began to tell their sad tale upon her person. With beauty fled the adorers and the gold. The prodigal girl descended the ladder of fortune more rapidly than she had ascended it; and, when the last vestige of her luxury had disappeared, she recognized all the horrors of her situation; memory, regret, remorse perhaps, assailed her continually. She could finally endure them no longer, and this miserable existence ended in suicide. A strange and awful sight offered itself to the eyes of the coroner and physician, who inspected the body. It was entirely covered with tattooing, the face and extremities alone being unmarked. Among all sorts of erratic emblems, figured the names of this poor creature's lovers, with the date of the beginning and the end of each acquaintance.—Among them were some of the most aristocratic names of Europe; and even royalty had its place. Nothing more sad can well be imagined than this album of guilt upon a disfigured corpse. Two of the daily papers have begun to publish the history of her life, and as she was so well known and so celebrated for her beauty, public curiosity is already excited to read the account of her fortunes and misfortunes; and yet, she was buried at the city's expense, and borne to the grave unfollowed by a single individual.

Spring Hats for Ladies.—Genio C. Scott, of New York, now in Paris, makes the following proclamation about the newest fashions for hats, which may be regarded as official:

The most recherche and peculiar novelty offered as homage to the season, is a fresh, cool, vaporous bonnet, composed of a mixture of crape, ribbons and straw interlaced, and forming the colors of white, purple, light blue and straw. The shape of hats, for the season, fit the shape of the head back to the ears, but they are shirred full in widths of about an inch, with each material used. From the ears forward, the bonnet curves outward and upward, so that if it is larger—as it surely is—than the style of last season, it shades the face as much, and displays more coquettishly the tasteful ornaments of the under side. The front of the hat does not flare out at the ears, and show a compression over the forehead, as was the last year's style, but gracefully curves from the head to the front, and projects most over the forehead, where it should, for good taste, and to represent the oval-formed front, so modest and picturesque, giving the features a mild expression, without detracting from the beauty in outline of the head. The crown is trimmed with a very small returning marabout by the ear, and a cluster of white marguerittes arch the front, and the under side of the front is studded with infinitesimal bouquets of straw, ornamented with drops of white glass, than which, nothing could be more in keeping with the light diaphanous composition of the hat. Artificial flowers represent those of the field,—the violet being the favorite. The ribbons are not so rich as was the style last year, except for caps. There are, of course, numerous other styles of hats presented by the ingenious *artistes* of Paris for favor, but as yet this is the only one that has been adopted, universally admired, and regarded as the cream of the cream.

Australia.—William Howitt, the author of that pleasant book, "Homes and Haunts of English Poets," and perhaps more widely known as the husband of Mary Howitt, went to Australia soon after the first discovery of gold in that country. From a recent letter written by him, he does not seem to be greatly impressed with the advantages of the country. His pictures of life among the miners are graphic and interesting, nor do they present any incidents not to be looked for under the circumstances. But he pronounces the climate of Australia to be among the worst in the world, and in the highest degree uncomfortable and unhealthy. Crime is alarmingly prevalent; the comforts of life are almost unknown, and most of the stories of large discoveries of gold are wilful deceptions or exaggerations.—*N. Y. Times.*

A Heartless Brute.—A Rhine paper narrates the following circumstances as having lately occurred at the town of Speyer: It appears that a weaver, known as the best rifle shot of the district, bethought him of affording a crowning proof of his unerring aim. He therefore took his rifle in one hand, and his son, twelve years old, in the other, and then, posting the boy at the end of an alley in his garden, placed an ordinary sized potato upon his head, retired fifteen yards, raised his weapon, aimed, fired, and cut the potato in two, leaving the child neither scathed nor frightened, so confident was the latter in his father possessing a charmed ball. The police interfered, and prevented a continuance of the trials. The father was imprisoned for a short period.

General News.

RAILROAD HOMICIDE.

NEARLY FIFTY PERSONS KILLED.

On the morning of the 6th, the Express train for Boston, via New Haven, Springfield and Worcester, with 226 passengers, met with a terrible fate at Norwalk, Conn.,—45 miles from New York. The point of accident was at the drawbridge, 120 feet in length, spanning the Norwalk River. The bridge is a substantial one, wide enough for trains to pass on it. The length of the draw is sixty feet. On the Easterly side is erected a forty-foot pole, upon which is placed a large red ball, with pullies to hoist and lower, as occasion may require.—When this ball is down, it is a signal for the train to stop, the draw of the bridge being up. The signal was down at the time of the accident, the steamboat Pacific having barely just passed the draw. The officers in charge of the train either did not see, or were reckless of the signal. There is overwhelming testimony that there was no slacking of speed on board the train, and no signal of any kind made for that purpose by those in charge of the train.

The train was not to stop at Norwalk, and it is said that the conductor, Comstock, had, at Stamford, told the Engineer to "drive like hell through Norwalk, as two men wanted to get off there, and he would see them damned first." The train was going at unusual speed. Such, indeed, was the velocity of the train, that the locomotive, heavy as it was, struck the abutment on the opposite side of the draw, only a few inches below the level. Mr. Renaud, the engineer of the Pacific, the steamboat which had just passed through the draw, says that he was only thirty yards from the bridge when the train came on, and that "the locomotive was under such headway when it ran off, that it *struck the abutment on the opposite side—a distance of about sixty feet.*" Forty-six persons are known to have been killed.

The engine, two baggage cars, and two passenger cars was buried into the river, which was at high tide. The distance from the level of the road to the water was about twelve feet, and the depth of the water about the same. The forward end of the third passenger car was crushed, and the hinder part prevented the remainder of the train from sharing the same fate.

The engineer jumped from the engine just before reaching the gap; the fireman leaped off just as the engine was going into the river.—Both are somewhat injured.

All the citizens of Norwalk were early on the spot, and were most active in their endeavors to rescue the unfortunate sufferers. The sides of the cars were broken in with axes, and many lives saved that, had not assistance been so promptly rendered, must have shared the same fate.

Mr. Hicks was in the forward car with a Miss King. They occupied a seat within four of the rear end of the car, on the right hand side, facing the engine. Mr. Hicks describes the scene as follows:

The cars were seemingly going at the usual rate, when, without warning or intimation of any kind, he beheld the front part of the car rushing toward him in fragments, the passengers being tossed in the air like chaff, dashed up against the top of the car, and thrown about in a hurricane of destruction. In an instant, he found Miss King gone from his side, and himself crushed under the partially fallen roof of the car, and surrounded by a choking atmosphere, in the midst of a shapeless mass of ruins, dead bodies on every hand, and the darkened car rapidly filling with water. He began feeling among the wreck and under the water for his companion, but she was nowhere to be found. He continued the search till the water had risen to his chin, a time which he judged to have been about ten minutes, when, despairing of her recovery, he looked about for a mode of escape. Just behind him, at the corner of the car, he beheld an aperture through which he crawled out upon the top. He then found to his surprise and joy, that Miss King had been projected through the opening in the car, and thus saved, with slight wounds. She had, also, been enabled to save the life of another person.

In addition to the facts already stated by Mr. Hicks, the artist, he adds now, that

The shock was such as to break off all the seats, and even the umbrella racks, and to push forward all who were sitting in the rear of the car. At the same time the roof was split in two, and the larger part of it fell in, covering many persons, including Mr. Hicks himself, beneath.

The scene under there he describes as horrible in the extreme, persons gasping in death, mutilated bodies, hands broken, some who had apparently only been stunned, drowning in unconsciousness of their condition.

One young man had a splinter of some two inches in diameter driven directly through his temples. Others had their faces so mutilated as to present no human semblance. At the same time the water filled with rubbish of every kind, and Mr. Hicks received severe bruises from the floating mass. He hung in the water with a hand on an iron which fortunately had not broken off, until after convincing himself that he could not find the body of his companion, whom he supposed to be dead.

Mr. Fuller, the Boston baggage master, says in his testimony, I wish to contradict the report which has appeared in some of the newspapers stating that Mr. Comstock told the engineer (Tucker) "to go to hell." This could not have been so, for Mr. Comstock was in conversation with me at Stamford, the place at which it is alleged such remark had been made.

Fifty coffins have been purchased by the Railroad Company, and brought to the station. The dead bodies, as they were brought in, were marked and placed in them. Upon those who were recognized, the clothing on them at the time of the disaster was allowed to remain, while those who were unknown were stripped, their clothing and valuables placed safely away, and upon their persons clean linen shrouds were arranged.

The Legislature, at its session on Saturday morning, appointed a special committee to investigate the cause of the late disaster. A bill was also introduced making it a fine of $10,000 for every person killed upon a railroad, and imposing heavy penalties for injuries on account of maiming.

At an early hour on Saturday morning, the workmen were at their labors at the drawbridge, in endeavoring to extricate the remaining smoking and baggage car, the tender and locomotive. The machinery and cars are yet completely submerged, and so far stuck into the mud, that it is thought utterly impossible to remove them by man-power, and arrangements are made to procure Bishop's Derrick and take it up the East River, thence through the Norwalk River to the fatal bridge.

The wife and son, (aged 10 years,) of Mr. S. Taylor, residing at 141 Eighteenth street, New York city, left the city in the unfortunate express train, en route for Norwich, Conn., to place the lad at boarding-school. Mr. Taylor accompanied them to the depot, corner of Canal street and Broadway. Just before the train left, Mrs. Taylor and child desired to take seats in the second passenger car, but were prevented in consequence of the car being densely crowded. They then made an effort to get into the first car, but could not, for the same reason as above stated. An extra car was then placed on, and Mrs. Taylor and child then took seats in that car. Mr. Taylor, on Sunday morning received a telegraphic dispatch, stating that "Mrs. Taylor and son are all safe, and have gone on to Norwich."

George Pomeroy, Esq., of New York, placed his wife and little son, under the charge of Mr. Spear, at Twenty-seventh street, just as the cars started. Mr. Spear succeeded, by almost superhuman exertions, in saving the little boy, but could not save Mrs. Pomeroy, although he returned at the risk of his life several times; but he succeeded in rescuing two more small boys.

Mr. Allen Goss and his aged maiden sister, from Poughkeepsie, were on board. He was dangerously wounded in the head, and she was killed by splinters of the broken car.

A clergyman and his wife had just changed seats with a sailor. The sailor was killed and the others escaped.

James Colburn, a man about 85 years of age, from Richmond, Me., was, together with his brother, in company with his employer, Mr. Ring and his wife, in the second car. His brother was instantly killed; Colburn broke out one of the windows and helped Mrs. Ring out, and then got out himself; in the fall he had his right shoulder broken. Mr. Ring also escaped.

Mr. Comstock, the conductor, was in the second car, which went down, and has escaped with numberless severe but not dangerous wounds. Mrs. Dr. Griswold, of New York, was rescued with some slight bruises. Her daughter, taken out for dead, has just been brought to by the physicians, and pronounced out of danger. [Since relapsed, and will probably die.]

A little infant was saved by a gentleman, who says it was in care of an aunt, who was drowned. They were on their way to the child's parents, in Springfield. He believed its name was Parker. It is now well cared for by the ladies of South Norwalk.

Among the passengers were a gentleman named John Fluent, and his lady, to whom he was married in New York only the previous night. They were *en route* for a wedding tour. The lady was killed instantly, and the husband received severe injury, but will probably recover.

One gentleman named Lozier is among the dead, but his place of residence was not ascertained, (he is believed to be from the South,) several thousand dollars in Eastern money were found in his pocket, and are now in the possession of Mr. Thomas Warner, Cashier of the Fairfield County Bank, in the village.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Connecticut, Rev. Barnard O'Reilly, it is feared, was on board the train. Also, Rev. Walter Clark.

The mails and the baggage were saved in a damaged condition.

Most of the bodies recovered are known to be physicians returning to their homes from the Medical Convention, which has just closed its sessions in New York, though but few of them have been identified.

There are many incidents of the most heart-rending nature, that had we time or space, we could relate, but the following must suffice. A young gentleman by the name of Robinson, asked us if we had heard of the safety of Mrs. and Miss Robinson (we had just copied their names from their dead bodies)—he was the son and brother of the two hapless ladies. We told him the truth; he was almost crazed.

The scene at the car-house and baggage-room was most solemn and impressive. Never shall we forget it. Forty six bodies of men and women, and two little children were lying around! The agonized features, some covered with horrible contusions, or deep gashes—the foam issuing from the mouth and nostrils, the clinched teeth and hands, and the wet garments, formed a tableau most horrible. The friends or relatives of the deceased, wandering from corpse to corpse, and eagerly searching for the features of some loved one, rendered the scene not unlike that of a field of battle.

NAMES OF THE KILLED.

The following is a list of the dead, so far as had been ascertained:

1. Dr. Samuel Beach, Bridgeport, Conn.
2. Dr. John G. Gray, Springfield, Mass.
3. Walter Francis, [illegible]
4. Lady, supposed to be Mrs. [illegible]

[illegible]

NAMES OF THE INJURED.

[illegible]

Norwalk, May 8, A. M.—No additional bodies were found yesterday by the men employed in removing the shattered cars from the creek beneath the drawbridge. At 10 o'clock last night the body of a female was discovered, supposed to have been the mother of two children, one four years of age, and the other but six months old, whose bodies are among those still unrecognized. There are in all sixteen bodies unclaimed and unknown, including four females and the two children above mentioned. They still remain in the station-house, but their clothing has been preserved, so as to aid their friends in the identification of their remains. Portions of the wreck have been removed. The locomotive is embedded in the mud below the surface of the creek at low tide.

The following were recognized yesterday afternoon:

[illegible]

There are now (the 9th) no dead bodies remaining here, and but few of the wounded. The latter are all doing well.

This morning bills are posted all over the town, calling a meeting this afternoon, at the scene of the tragedy, for the purpose of adopting measures in reference to the same.

Clippings.

MAY MORNING.

> Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
> Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
> The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
> The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
> Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
> Mirth and youth, and fond desire.
> Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
> Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
> Thus we salute thee with our early song,
> And welcome thee, and wish thee long. *Milton.*

☞ An Italian paper says that one of the bouquets sent, on Good Friday, to the Church of San Ambrosio by the Marquis Pallavicini, measured six yards in circumference. It contained three hundred and forty camellias, and an immense quantity of violets, wall-flowers and sweet-scented shrubs.

☞ Literature commences with poetical fiction, and usually terminates with prose fiction. It was so in the ancient world, it will be so with England and France. The harvest of novels is, I fear, a sign of the approaching exhaustion of the soil.—*Bulwer.*

☞ A portable spittoon, in the form of a hollow walking cane, with a silver or gold screw-cap, is recommended by an exchange, as a desirable invention for those gentlemen who chew tobacco in churches, concert-rooms, parlors, and such places.

☞ They have got a very benevolent old gentleman in Troy. On Christmas he boiled a dishcloth, and gave the broth to the poor.

☞ The London Times is generally thought to have an average daily circulation of 40,000 copies; but a person in New York, who has had opportunities of ascertaining the truth from the pressman of the Times, states, in a letter to the N. Y. Tribune, that last fall its circulation was 24,000 copies, and no more. He also says that the stamp duties do not exhibit the truth of the matter, as the proprietors of newspapers frequently buy stamps largely in advance, in order to give the appearance of increasing circulation.

☞ At Warrenton, North Carolina, Mr. Horseman has a horse with as neat a moustache as can be found under the nose of any dandy in the country. The hair is about an inch in length, situated just under the nostril, and branches out beautifully from the centre. The color is that of the usual moustache of the dandy, namely, a cross between a bay and a sorrel.

☞ The malleability of gold can be carried to such an extent, that an apartment twelve feet square might be carpeted for thirty or forty dollars.

☞ Fighting is the poorest way to settle a quarrel, because it does nothing to show which is in the right.

☞ Early to Church.—Mrs. Chapone was asked why she always went so early to church? "Because," said she, "it is a part of my religion never to disturb the religion of others."

☞ The English boast of their intelligence—while some of the Queen's children can neither read nor write.

☞ The elder brother is one who made haste to come into the world to bring his parents the first news of male posterity, and is well rewarded for his tidings.—*Fuller.*

☞ The vital knot of the nervous system is not bigger in size than a pin's head. Upon this tiny speck depends the life of the nerves, which is the life of the animal. Whatever portion of the nervous system remains attached to it, lives; that which is separated immediately dies.

☞ "Counsel and conversation is a good second education, that improves all the virtue and corrects all the vice of the former, and of nature itself."—*Clarendon.*

☞ The soil of Siberia, at the close of the summer, is found thawed to the depth of [illegible] inches beneath the surface, so that the dead having lain in the frozen earth for one hundred and fifty years, have been taken up unchanged in the least.

☞ The Original Baby.—Dr. O. W. Holmes says—"We like, now, some of the poetic element, even if they resemble the old; as for the birth of a child is always a charming novelty, although Cain was the only really venerable, and truly original baby."

☞ Said one to an aged friend, "I had a letter from a distant correspondent the other day who inquired if you were in the land of the living." "No," replied the saint-like venerable man, "but I am going there." This noble man knew that this world is the land of the dying, and that the eternal is the only one of living realities.

☞ The inhabitants of Bangkok, Siam, tame young rats, and keep them till they attain a great size, and when they repay this kind treatment by ridding the houses of all vermin of their own race.

☞ The Chinese eat many kinds of insects, as locusts, grasshoppers, ground grubs, and silkworms.

☞ Woman's Rights.—The following is an extract from the trial of Lola Montez for assault and battery:

Recorder of New Orleans.—Your agent knew the laws, and it was his place to protect your interests.

Lola Montez.—Mr. Henning is my agent—not my protector. I would have you know, sir, that I am my own protector. [Applause from all parts of the court room.]

☞ The extraordinary diamond recently found in Brazil, is said to be a stone of rare beauty. The discoverer was an old black slave woman, who immediately carried it to her master, a Brazilian, in very needy circumstances. He immediately gave the slave her liberty, and sent his prize to Rio Janeiro, where the Commercial Bank advanced him 1,000 contos—about £40,000,—on the gem.

SATURDAY

VENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1857.

General News.

THE NEW MEXICO DIFFICULTY.—Lieutenant Bartlett has written a reply to Lieut. Beardsley, in which he enters much point, occasion, in order to show that his severance is wholly mistaken in his position, the controversy is one of some interest, and may be of considerable importance hereafter. It may be well to state the substance of Bartlett's communication.

He denies that New Mexico ever came under the jurisdiction of the Sevilla Valley, and, asserting that, on the contrary, even in 1850, inhabitants claimed and exercised jurisdiction of the territory. Secondly, he says that there are only 700, and 1,000, inhabitants in the disputed country, who are to be annexed to the United States, and that, when it was known the boundary would be the commissioners would not pass it, but, they hailed the event with selves of rejoicing. Thirdly, Bartlett remarks that no force has ever been used by the State of Chihuahua in the Sevilla Valley, territory, although it is true that she has to protect the inhabitants of the territory in question" "against border Indian depredations." He further asserts that State of Mexico have failed to protect their people similar manner, and that the inhabitants of the "inhabitants of the territory in dispute have been subjected to cruelty" the Mexican authorities have denied. Fourthly, he says that the inhabitants of the Sevilla Valley, but our authorities should have little or nothing about the matter, as inhabitants along the Rio Grande is their share of property, and that they have been of the outrages committed by Americans on the Mexican population of the Rio Grande, who is compelled them to abandon their homes in search of work in neighboring States territory, and found a colony in Mexico.

Bartlett, with regard to the boundary, that "a large portion of the inhabitants have been subjected to cruelty" by Mexico, that the re-annexation of their territory to New Mexico, "would be hailed with joy by him in New Mexico and Chihuahua, which is practically true, as the Rio Grande is chiefly of people from New Mexico and of Spanish descent, desirous to receive protection from our authorities after the treaty with Mexico, colonized that place."—*New York Post.*

A NEW SYSTEM OF MEDICINE.—The Cincinnati Commercial reports the following account of the new system:

Dr. Waggoner.—This was commencing case, the doctor being indicted for practicing medicine without having the "code" elsewhere in the healing art, and not having "graduated" at any college. A consequence, evidently the grave, that he would be "sent up" for a year. Dr. Waggoner, however, cure him, or he the doctor would be "sent up" for a year. Dr. Waggoner has the strength to relieve, and granted the the first instance, but, considering the case for a blank thread, measured the sick man's pulse, looked at his tongue, felt his head, and a small piece of the old gentleman, which did, and which he ate with a relish, in a manner very unostentatious, or ceremonious, and then went out to see other invalids, in a way which "St. Paulus" would have envied. He is a man of the wasted-to-the-bone order, and has a very singular physiognomy. He has more of money he had in the world, which he has deliberately selecting first a two dollar bill, which proved to be counterfeit, and which elicited such pungent criticism that the doctor pocketed another one, and tried it on Covington. This arrant old villain escaped the clutches of the law. The Court fully charge that the offence as laid and proved, and that, in this land of liberty a man had a right to practice medicine or anything else without a diploma or medicine now practiced, and that, if he was guilty, he ought to be fined, and shirt-tail system he ought to be fined, and shirt-tail system he ought to be sent up. The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty.

DEATH DEAR.—Major Hicks," keeper of the Hotel, on the plank road between Fayetteville and Pulaski, was found dead in his bed on Saturday morning last. He had been sick but a short time. He was a miserable old bachelor, and lived all alone, and was found dead in his bed. He had lived alone, separate and apart from the world, for many years, and was considered a miser. He was known as the old "Major" well. It was only a few days before his death that he was seen by him as well as usual. He looked rather pale, but was not complaining. He was a very singular creature. He was a native of Virginia, and came to this country when a short time, he left her and suddenly. He never more saw her face, nor heard her voice. Of there, 3,125 were born free, 252 purchased their freedom, and 1,096 were remanded in view of their emigration.

The Governor of Liberia, in his address to the Legislature at Monrovia, on the 1st of January last, says that the prospect of the future is cheering. The population is increasing, and the revenue has increased from $5,000 to $15,000 per annum. The Governor recommends the establishment of a Court of Chancery, and the appointment of a Commissioner to receive bonds and mortgages from those who may wish to purchase lands of the Government.

The sale of a National Military Hospital at Memphis, Tenn., is said to be cast at Hardesdale, Westchester county, N. Y., and is known as the Blue Lick location.

THE LARGEST CALF.—The last trip of the Packet, from Liverpool to New York, a trip which brought her safely home again, has proved the superiority of coal which had been mined by Messrs. Pope & Pearce, and has given us for a long time exposed to moisture. The Packet has made the passage in unusually cool lasted, made an average of more than 300 miles per day. The chief cause of the success was coal that had been lying in a damp yard, and which, consequently, was moist for many months, her speed was reduced to nine knots per hour.

The New York Tribune states that a party of capitalists are now actively engaged in the work of the proposed route of a new railroad from the city of New York to the city of Washington. It will be railway between the two existing lines—the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore line. It is said that the new line will diminish the distance between the two cities by about twenty miles, and the time by an hour.

Major Thomas Fitzpatrick has been appointed by the Government Superintendent of Indian intercourse with the Indians of the great plains between the Missouri river and the Rocky Mountains. He has been as we passed by. He looked very well, and was in excellent spirits. He was a very singular creature. He was a native of Virginia, and came to this country when a short time, he left her and suddenly. He never more saw her face, nor heard her voice. Of late years he has been living alone a number of years supposing his wife was dead, but recently learned that she was living. She had lived with her second husband, and died a few months ago. The Major "turned up," and claimed his wife's property—about $1,000. He was then in despair; the major was incredulous. But when an executor of the will appeared, and, producing this sum—which it took every cent he had to raise—paid it over to the heirs, he was satisfied. This was finally granted.

Rev. Jacob Medary, who operated him- self, and the gardens and vineyard on the premises, and the flowers are in bloom in the open air. The crops in the vicinity promise well.

The California states positively that an extensive deposit of coal has been found in the northern portions of Sonora, and that its quality is said to be equal to that of the best bituminous coal of Pennsylvania. In a few days, it is stated, three days' storm had occurred at Los Angeles, and Sonora, extending inland and northward. All the mountains were covered with snow. Reports from the mining regions was unfavorable.

ENGLAND CONFERENCE ON SILVER.—The London Conference on silver has had a session in session at Ipswich, Mass., on the 6th inst. Rev. Mr. Hall, as a Conference, we are fully and heartily in favor of doing all we can, by example and preaching, for the holding of slaves in bondage. We believe that slavery is a great sin against God and humanity, and that it is the duty of all ministers and churches to use their influence against it. We believe that no person guilty of the sin of slaveholding should be received into the church. That is there is a difference of opinion among us in regard to the duty of receiving into the church persons from our connection who hold slaves, we believe that such persons should be allowed and assured that they will be received and cheerfully welcomed, prohibiting their reception into the church. We believe that slavery is a great sin against God and humanity, and that it is the duty of all ministers and churches to use their influence against it. We believe that no person guilty of the sin of slaveholding should be received into the church. That is there is a difference of opinion among us in regard to the duty of receiving into the church persons from our connection who hold slaves, we believe that such persons should be allowed and assured that they will be received and cheerfully welcomed, prohibiting their reception into the church.

MRS. HOGLAND, wife of the distinguished lawyer of that name, died recently in the latter part of the month, in New York.

THE ANNUAL TEMPERANCE SERMON.—A correspondent of Frederick Douglass's paper says that the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet preached his annual temperance sermon before the Legislative shaw, who resides at Dover, Canada West, and Uncle Sam's Rebellion.

MR. SIDNEY SMITH, a long encyclical letter to the French clergy, speaks of Louis Napoleon as a man who has been raised up by God to be the Emperor of the French, and of the Empress as the Queen of the Lord, and of the Prince Imperial as the heir to the throne.

A colored minister living in Cincinnati has received a letter from his brother in Virginia, stating that he and his family were about to be sold to the Richmond Republican.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the American Medical Association commenced its session in Philadelphia on the 5th inst. A discussion arose as to the place of meeting for next year, Washington was selected. Dr. Jonathan Knight, Connecticut, President—Dr. Usher Parsons, Rhode Island; Dr. Lund Condit, New Jersey; Dr. Frost, S. Caroline; Dr. H. L. Hosack, New York; Dr. L. L. Beadle, N. York; Dr. Wm. Darrach, Pennsylvania; Dr. D. Francis Condie, Pennsylvania—Three hundred and fifty delegates were present.

NEWS ITEMS.

The N. Y. Evening Post publishes a note from Captain Ericsson, requesting Liberty to send off to France, by the next steamer for Havre, a caloric engine, that he has been commanding for the Post printing office. Mr. Ericsson says it is to be sent to Paris, in order to receive his patent in France. The proprietors of the Post assent.

The total debt of the several States in 1821, was $280,541,656, which was less, by some millions, than it had been during the previous ten years. The value of property assessed in the same States was $5,562,147,402, the real value being estimated at $11,124,294,804. The pretty good security, we think, for their debts, whether owing at home or abroad.

BIOGRAPHER AT A DISCOUNT.—The *protestant* Episcopal Church, in this city, has declined the application of a young lady of acknowledged literary talents and ability, for the office of teacher of one of their common schools, on account of the "heterodox" cast of her views.—*Western Star.*

Mr. Bryant, editor of the New York Evening Post, who is travelling in the East, writes that in the ancient kingdom of Siam slavery is lasting. Not only do the Turks get drunk like Christians, but each 1 new slavery is one example on record the Austrian steamer that arrived in this city from Smyrna, is one of all in contact with the Christians, and do not think themselves in the state of Siam, would be thrown into large pipes, which would carry it to Paris, and into a large basin placed in the centre of the Park of Roncesvaux.

A RAILROAD MEETING.—It is stated that the Reports of the earnings of fourteen railroads, in the aggregate, extending from Ohio, through Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, Indiana and Georgia, show a gain, during the month of March, ranging from 11 to 100 per cent., and in consideration of an increase of over 100 per cent. This indicates not only a flourishing condition of business, but a great increase in the wealth of the people who have the luck to possess stock in the iron tracks.

NEW FEATURE IN THE POST OFFICE SYSTEM.—Arrangements have been made by which a letter may be mailed in one city, and sent to another, and then to the person addressed, without the expense of postage. This is to be done by the Post of Rochester.

A LOADED BOMB-SHELL.—A large bomb-shell, loaded with powder, was found in Washington, on the 6th inst., by a boy, who was playing with it, when it exploded, killing him instantly. Another boy, who was with him, was severely injured.

A TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR PRIZE.—Among the items of news from California, is the announcement that the lands of the Mission Dolores of San Francisco, had offered a prize of ten thousand dollars for the best route for the Pacific and Atlantic Railway. The work is to be done in eight months, and the route to embrace the most thorough and exact treatment of the line of country passed over.

1. The Great Atlantic and Pacific Railway, Letters received in Washington from Commodore Perry, dated on board the United States steamer Princeton, off Cape Cod, say that he will report all well, and that the vessel would anchor in New York Bay on the 7th inst.

—What is that dog barking at?" asked a fop of his companion, as a cur passed by. "Why, sir," replied a bystander, "it seems to be about his master's age."

DEATH FROM CHLOROFORM.—Mr. Mc. Lean, a resident of Bedford, went to Chelmsford, a few days since, to have a tooth extracted. After the painful incision removed from the left side of the lower jaw, a piece of cotton saturated with chloroform was administered by the doctor, and the unfortunate patient died. The coroner, however, he says back and was soon a corpse.

A new theatre is to be erected in Washington, on the square inch, and the Chronicle says, that the proprietors are expending a large sum for the purpose. The house coupling twice gave way, but the pegs held.

GOLD DOLLAR YET.—Dr. Gideon B. Smith has invented a new contrivance for detecting spurious coin of the gold dollar stamp. It is a small box with a slit in the lid, which will admit the genuine coin only. If a spurious coin passes through the slit, it will not reach the box, but is arrested by a weight inside, superior to the latter by weight of the genuine coin in the weight. And if the spurious coin is made so as to weigh equal to the true coin, it will not pass through the aperture.

The large stock of bloomers belonging to the estate of the late Wm. Gilbone, was sold at auction on Tuesday week, at Jersey City, Jersey. Among the number sold, was the "Bloomer Costume," which, we believe, was brought by Mr. Morris, of Mormania, for $1,500. Some few ladies were present, but the sale generally brought $100. Finley Anthony, 11 years old, brought $280. Harriet, 15 years old, $200. others, of lesser note, at prices varying from $50 up to the above figures. Among the concourse of people from Newark, New York, and other places.

Grist and Saxon are to visit this country and Canada next month, and will appear for eight or nine little sum of $2,500 per night, for the two. Their agent has been made with Mr. Barnum and the agent of those two performers. Grist is a rather singular star, but Saxon is the greatest tenor.

A SERIOUS AFFAIR.—According to Mr. Bartlett, Mesilla is the dimensions of the Spanish word sauce, is, in fact, a town, and is regularly laid out and is a lower plazas in the valley of the Rio Grande. Mesilla, Bartlett says, is the seat of the county in which he worships, an animal as the Catholic religion is the religion of the people, and that the church is the keeper of the slaughter house.

THE MURDERED BUTCHERS.—There is good reason to believe that the men who were murdered in the Christian world, or why every city should not have a Jewish quarter.

THE HUNGER BUTCHERS.—The Jews of Jerusalem are in a wretched condition. The principal coin of the gold dollar stamp. It is a small box with a slit in the lid, which will admit the genuine coin only. If a spurious coin passes through the slit, it will not reach the box, but is arrested by a weight inside, superior to the latter by weight of the genuine coin in the weight. And if the spurious coin is made so as to weigh equal to the true coin, it will not pass through the aperture.

The large stock of bloomers belonging to the estate of the late Wm. Gilbone, was sold at auction on Tuesday week, at Jersey City, Jersey. Among the number sold, was the "Bloomer Costume," which, we believe, was brought by Mr. Morris, of Mormania, for $1,500. Some few ladies were present, but the sale generally brought $100. Finley Anthony, 11 years old, brought $280. Harriet, 15 years old, $200. others, of lesser note, at prices varying from $50 up to the above figures. Among the concourse of people from Newark, New York, and other places.

Grist and Saxon are to visit this country and Canada next month, and will appear for eight or nine little sum of $2,500 per night, for the two. Their agent has been made with Mr. Barnum and the agent of those two performers. Grist is a rather singular star, but Saxon is the greatest tenor.

A SERIOUS AFFAIR.—According to Mr. Bartlett, Mesilla is the dimensions of the Spanish word sauce, is, in fact, a town, and is regularly laid out and is a lower plazas in the valley of the Rio Grande. Mesilla, Bartlett says, is the seat of the county in which he worships, an animal as the Catholic religion is the religion of the people, and that the church is the keeper of the slaughter house.

AS ALERT WIFE BARKER.—As for my whaled along over the Hudson River Railroad on the 6th inst., when a man waving his hat and hailing from a white pocket handkerchief on the top of a hill, with a considerable crowd of country people around him. It was the train to stop. It took the trouble to count, you see, for the man was the agent of the Hudson River Railroad Company, and Third Street was starting up everywhere in the neighborhood of the Hudson, and will consider a public want branch of the world's industry.

THE FIRST SETTLER.—Mr. Joseph Sloan, who has lately returned to his suburban retreat in Hudson county, is a tried veteran of many years' some guano from Baltimore. In due time it was duly landed and stored in a building as one of potatoes. A planter ordered some last- ing, and wrote to Mr. Sloan to send him some bones pronto, the guano was sent to the planter, and the bones to farmer. As the bewildered look plain, when it was found that the guano had been sent to the planter, and the bones to the farmer. As the planter was not pleased with the guano, and complained that he had ordered bones, and not guano.

THE PLANETS.—There have been discovered by the astronomers of this twenty-three planets in all, making thirty-two planets on our solar system.

EXPLOSION OF GAS.—The house of Mr. Henry Clay, in Lexington, Ky., was shaken to its foundation, by an explosion caused by some careless person turning on the gas in the basement, and not the gas escaped. On ordering the room with a lighted candle, the explosion took place.

GERRIT SMITH has started a newspaper at Peterboro, entitled "The Madison County Abolitionist." Some of the notices at things higher lands call the "Abolitionist."

A Florida paper states, that according to a recent census recently made, the number of slaves in two hundred and eighty-six Indians in Florida, and only eighty-six of these were boys and girls under ten years of age.

A vessel called the *Jessamine*, owned by two respectable colored men in New Orleans, has been sold to a colored man in the same city, and is said to be engaged in the trade between that city and Charleston.

A colored teacher, named by Dr. Wm. C. Daniel, has been sent to Africa by the Maryland Colonization Society, at Lowell, to be located. The report was that the colonists will be found equal to the Dutch and Turkish kinds.

THE POPE AND HIS PRIEST.—We find the following interesting information in the N. Y. Journal of Commerce:

We learn from a very intelligent gentleman who has resided many years at Rome, and from which we have not, that a change in the policy of the Papal Government towards the Jews has of late ago than that which he has recently practiced towards the Protestant Christian subjects of Southern Europe. It is stated that he has ever yet had the courage to set foot in Rome as a Cardinal. The main prudence liberal views. Pius IX. is a man of a very different touch indeed. He has been long opposed to the encroachments of the Jesuits, and especially to the Sacred College. It is believed that his intention is to make Father Ventura, Cardinal; in this case, a new Cabinet will be chosen, and the most liberal measures will be adopted. The Pope will then go to Paris, and crown Louis Napoleon Emperor of the West, and Victoria Empress of the East, which would make the Queen of Austria and some other powers, as well as the Pope, very much displeased.

It is even said that a change is not impossible in the Ecclesiastical Code. It is believed that the Court of Vienna begins to be convinced that concessions will be made to the Italian agitations in Lombardy and other parts of Italy, and especially that the Pope will be induced to more prudent of the despots feel that there is no alternative but to do it, and that the Pope would suppose that it might not to require much longitudy to perceive this.

LAST MOMENTS OF THE VAN PELTSPIPE.—The Rev. Dr. Cheever, who attended professor and fugitive slave, who resides at Dover, Canada West, and Uncle Sam's Rebellion.

MR. SIDNEY SMITH, a long encyclical letter to the French clergy, speaks of Louis Napoleon as a man who has been raised up by God to be the Emperor of the French, and of the Empress as the Queen of the Lord, and of the Prince Imperial as the heir to the throne.

A colored minister living in Cincinnati has received a letter from his brother in Virginia, stating that he and his family were about to be sold to the Richmond Republican.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the American Medical Association commenced its session in Philadelphia on the 5th inst. A discussion arose as to the place of meeting for next year, Washington was selected. Dr. Jonathan Knight, Connecticut, President—Dr. Usher Parsons, Rhode Island; Dr. Lund Condit, New Jersey; Dr. Frost, S. Caroline; Dr. H. L. Hosack, New York; Dr. L. L. Beadle, N. York; Dr. Wm. Darrach, Pennsylvania; Dr. D. Francis Condie, Pennsylvania—Three hundred and fifty delegates were present.

Fahren's "White Mountain House," the Boston Traveller says, was destroyed by fire on Saturday night week, with all his contents.

AN OYSTER CATCHING A MOUSE.—In Allentown, Pa., one evening last week, the proprietor of a restaurant left oysters standing for a while in a room infested to creep in between the shell, when the oyster fastened on the tormentor, and made it a victim.

ANOTHER NEW PLANET AND COMET.—M. Chacornac, the astronomer of the Observatory at Marseilles, another new, small *Planet*, on the 21th new comet to exist between Mars and Jupiter. The comet was discovered by M. Schweizer at Moscow.

The amount of duties collected at Boston, for the year, is $1,315,774, as reported to the corresponding period last year of $496,966.

A FOUNTAIN FOR SHERRY.—It is stated that without issue, of a certain Absalom Sharp, late of Mississippi, who left $10,000 to each of his brothers and sisters, or their heirs, who are now found to be in Western Pennsylvania.

Mr. Bryant, editor of the New York Evening Post, who is travelling in the East, writes that in the ancient kingdom of Siam slavery is lasting. Not only do the Turks get drunk like Christians, but each 1 new slavery is one example on record the Austrian steamer that arrived in this city from Smyrna, is one of all in contact with the Christians, and do not think themselves in the state of Siam, would be thrown into large pipes, which would carry it to Paris, and into a large basin placed in the centre of the Park of Roncesvaux.

A RAILROAD MEETING.—It is stated that the Reports of the earnings of fourteen railroads, in the aggregate, extending from Ohio, through Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, Indiana and Georgia, show a gain, during the month of March, ranging from 11 to 100 per cent., and in consideration of an increase of over 100 per cent. This indicates not only a flourishing condition of business, but a great increase in the wealth of the people who have the luck to possess stock in the iron tracks.

NEW FEATURE IN THE POST OFFICE SYSTEM.—Arrangements have been made by which a letter may be mailed in one city, and sent to another, and then to the person addressed, without the expense of postage. This is to be done by the Post of Rochester.

A LOADED BOMB-SHELL.—A large bomb-shell, loaded with powder, was found in Washington, on the 6th inst., by a boy, who was playing with it, when it exploded, killing him instantly. Another boy, who was with him, was severely injured.

A TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR PRIZE.—Among the items of news from California, is the announcement that the lands of the Mission Dolores of San Francisco, had offered a prize of ten thousand dollars for the best route for the Pacific and Atlantic Railway. The work is to be done in eight months, and the route to embrace the most thorough and exact treatment of the line of country passed over.

1. The Great Atlantic and Pacific Railway, Letters received in Washington from Commodore Perry, dated on board the United States steamer Princeton, off Cape Cod, say that he will report all well, and that the vessel would anchor in New York Bay on the 7th inst.

—What is that dog barking at?" asked a fop of his companion, as a cur passed by. "Why, sir," replied a bystander, "it seems to be about his master's age."

DEATH FROM CHLOROFORM.—Mr. Mc. Lean, a resident of Bedford, went to Chelmsford, a few days since, to have a tooth extracted. After the painful incision removed from the left side of the lower jaw, a piece of cotton saturated with chloroform was administered by the doctor, and the unfortunate patient died. The coroner, however, he says back and was soon a corpse.

A new theatre is to be erected in Washington, on the square inch, and the Chronicle says, that the proprietors are expending a large sum for the purpose. The house coupling twice gave way, but the pegs held.

GOLD DOLLAR YET.—Dr. Gideon B. Smith has invented a new contrivance for detecting spurious coin of the gold dollar stamp. It is a small box with a slit in the lid, which will admit the genuine coin only. If a spurious coin passes through the slit, it will not reach the box, but is arrested by a weight inside, superior to the latter by weight of the genuine coin in the weight. And if the spurious coin is made so as to weigh equal to the true coin, it will not pass through the aperture.

The large stock of bloomers belonging to the estate of the late Wm. Gilbone, was sold at auction on Tuesday week, at Jersey City, Jersey. Among the number sold, was the "Bloomer Costume," which, we believe, was brought by Mr. Morris, of Mormania, for $1,500. Some few ladies were present, but the sale generally brought $100. Finley Anthony, 11 years old, brought $280. Harriet, 15 years old, $200. others, of lesser note, at prices varying from $50 up to the above figures. Among the concourse of people from Newark, New York, and other places.

Grist and Saxon are to visit this country and Canada next month, and will appear for eight or nine little sum of $2,500 per night, for the two. Their agent has been made with Mr. Barnum and the agent of those two performers. Grist is a rather singular star, but Saxon is the greatest tenor.

A SERIOUS AFFAIR.—According to Mr. Bartlett, Mesilla is the dimensions of the Spanish word sauce, is, in fact, a town, and is regularly laid out and is a lower plazas in the valley of the Rio Grande. Mesilla, Bartlett says, is the seat of the county in which he worships, an animal as the Catholic religion is the religion of the people, and that the church is the keeper of the slaughter house.

AS ALERT WIFE BARKER.—As for my whaled along over the Hudson River Railroad on the 6th inst., when a man waving his hat and hailing from a white pocket handkerchief on the top of a hill, with a considerable crowd of country people around him. It was the train to stop. It took the trouble to count, you see, for the man was the agent of the Hudson River Railroad Company, and Third Street was starting up everywhere in the neighborhood of the Hudson, and will consider a public want branch of the world's industry.

THE FIRST SETTLER.—Mr. Joseph Sloan, who has lately returned to his suburban retreat in Hudson county, is a tried veteran of many years' some guano from Baltimore. In due time it was duly landed and stored in a building as one of potatoes. A planter ordered some last- ing, and wrote to Mr. Sloan to send him some bones pronto, the guano was sent to the planter, and the bones to farmer. As the bewildered look plain, when it was found that the guano had been sent to the planter, and the bones to the farmer. As the planter was not pleased with the guano, and complained that he had ordered bones, and not guano.

THE PLANETS.—There have been discovered by the astronomers of this twenty-three planets in all, making thirty-two planets on our solar system.

EXPLOSION OF GAS.—The house of Mr. Henry Clay, in Lexington, Ky., was shaken to its foundation, by an explosion caused by some careless person turning on the gas in the basement, and not the gas escaped. On ordering the room with a lighted candle, the explosion took place.

GERRIT SMITH has started a newspaper at Peterboro, entitled "The Madison County Abolitionist." Some of the notices at things higher lands call the "Abolitionist."

A Florida paper states, that according to a recent census recently made, the number of slaves in two hundred and eighty-six Indians in Florida, and only eighty-six of these were boys and girls under ten years of age.

A vessel called the *Jessamine*, owned by two respectable colored men in New Orleans, has been sold to a colored man in the same city, and is said to be engaged in the trade between that city and Charleston.

A colored teacher, named by Dr. Wm. C. Daniel, has been sent to Africa by the Maryland Colonization Society, at Lowell, to be located. The report was that the colonists will be found equal to the Dutch and Turkish kinds.

THE POPE AND HIS PRIEST.—We find the following interesting information in the N. Y. Journal of Commerce:

We learn from a very intelligent gentleman who has resided many years at Rome, and from which we have not, that a change in the policy of the Papal Government towards the Jews has of late ago than that which he has recently practiced towards the Protestant Christian subjects of Southern Europe. It is stated that he has ever yet had the courage to set foot in Rome as a Cardinal. The main prudence liberal views. Pius IX. is a man of a very different touch indeed. He has been long opposed to the encroachments of the Jesuits, and especially to the Sacred College. It is believed that his intention is to make Father Ventura, Cardinal; in this case, a new Cabinet will be chosen, and the most liberal measures will be adopted. The Pope will then go to Paris, and crown Louis Napoleon Emperor of the West, and Victoria Empress of the East, which would make the Queen of Austria and some other powers, as well as the Pope, very much displeased.

It is even said that a change is not impossible in the Ecclesiastical Code. It is believed that the Court of Vienna begins to be convinced that concessions will be made to the Italian agitations in Lombardy and other parts of Italy, and especially that the Pope will be induced to more prudent of the despots feel that there is no alternative but to do it, and that the Pope would suppose that it might not to require much longitudy to perceive this.

LAST MOMENTS OF THE VAN PELTSPIPE.—The Rev. Dr. Cheever, who attended professor and fugitive slave, who resides at Dover, Canada West, and Uncle Sam's Rebellion.

MR. SIDNEY SMITH, a long encyclical letter to the French clergy, speaks of Louis Napoleon as a man who has been raised up by God to be the Emperor of the French, and of the Empress as the Queen of the Lord, and of the Prince Imperial as the heir to the throne.

A colored minister living in Cincinnati has received a letter from his brother in Virginia, stating that he and his family were about to be sold to the Richmond Republican.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the American Medical Association commenced its session in Philadelphia on the 5th inst. A discussion arose as to the place of meeting for next year, Washington was selected. Dr. Jonathan Knight, Connecticut, President—Dr. Usher Parsons, Rhode Island; Dr. Lund Condit, New Jersey; Dr. Frost, S. Caroline; Dr. H. L. Hosack, New York; Dr. L. L. Beadle, N. York; Dr. Wm. Darrach, Pennsylvania; Dr. D. Francis Condie, Pennsylvania—Three hundred and fifty delegates were present.

POLITICAL NEWS.

CONGRESS OF TOBACCONIST.—In the Massachusetts House of Representatives, a bill has been reported, providing for the cession to the State of New York of the small district of territory called Boston Corner's, in the south western extremity of Massachusetts. The inhabitants of this territory, who are few in number, have long resided in their position, belonging to no town, and have accordingly, for the most part, been left to their own devices, except through either the State of Connecticut or New York; the one nearest to it, by laying the ground the meeting to pay place of employment, and to meet a person legally engaged in the business of the State of New York, or in the State of Connecticut.—Philip Allen has been chosen Governor of Rhode Island, without opposition.

THE MCCREARY CASE.—We are stated that sometime that Gov. Geary was willing to accept the requisition for the delivery of McCreary, the counterfeiter, to the State of Virginia, and that he would not do so. It is understood he is preparing a reply to the Governor of Virginia.

A TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR PRIZE.—Among the items of news from California, is the announcement that the lands of the Mission Dolores of San Francisco, had offered a prize of ten thousand dollars for the best route for the Pacific and Atlantic Railway. The work is to be done in eight months, and the route to embrace the most thorough and exact treatment of the line of country passed over.

1. The Great Atlantic and Pacific Railway, Letters received in Washington from Commodore Perry, dated on board the United States steamer Princeton, off Cape Cod, say that he will report all well, and that the vessel would anchor in New York Bay on the 7th inst.

—What is that dog barking at?" asked a fop of his companion, as a cur passed by. "Why, sir," replied a bystander, "it seems to be about his master's age."

DEATH FROM CHLOROFORM.—Mr. Mc. Lean, a resident of Bedford, went to Chelmsford, a few days since, to have a tooth extracted. After the painful incision removed from the left side of the lower jaw, a piece of cotton saturated with chloroform was administered by the doctor, and the unfortunate patient died. The coroner, however, he says back and was soon a corpse.

A new theatre is to be erected in Washington, on the square inch, and the Chronicle says, that the proprietors are expending a large sum for the purpose. The house coupling twice gave way, but the pegs held.

GOLD DOLLAR YET.—Dr. Gideon B. Smith has invented a new contrivance for detecting spurious coin of the gold dollar stamp. It is a small box with a slit in the lid, which will admit the genuine coin only. If a spurious coin passes through the slit, it will not reach the box, but is arrested by a weight inside, superior to the latter by weight of the genuine coin in the weight. And if the spurious coin is made so as to weigh equal to the true coin, it will not pass through the aperture.

The large stock of bloomers belonging to the estate of the late Wm. Gilbone, was sold at auction on Tuesday week, at Jersey City, Jersey. Among the number sold, was the "Bloomer Costume," which, we believe, was brought by Mr. Morris, of Mormania, for $1,500. Some few ladies were present, but the sale generally brought $100. Finley Anthony, 11 years old, brought $280. Harriet, 15 years old, $200. others, of lesser note, at prices varying from $50 up to the above figures. Among the concourse of people from Newark, New York, and other places.

Grist and Saxon are to visit this country and Canada next month, and will appear for eight or nine little sum of $2,500 per night, for the two. Their agent has been made with Mr. Barnum and the agent of those two performers. Grist is a rather singular star, but Saxon is the greatest tenor.

A SERIOUS AFFAIR.—According to Mr. Bartlett, Mesilla is the dimensions of the Spanish word sauce, is, in fact, a town, and is regularly laid out and is a lower plazas in the valley of the Rio Grande. Mesilla, Bartlett says, is the seat of the county in which he worships, an animal as the Catholic religion is the religion of the people, and that the church is the keeper of the slaughter house.

AS ALERT WIFE BARKER.—As for my whaled along over the Hudson River Railroad on the 6th inst., when a man waving his hat and hailing from a white pocket handkerchief on the top of a hill, with a considerable crowd of country people around him. It was the train to stop. It took the trouble to count, you see, for the man was the agent of the Hudson River Railroad Company, and Third Street was starting up everywhere in the neighborhood of the Hudson, and will consider a public want branch of the world's industry.

THE FIRST SETTLER.—Mr. Joseph Sloan, who has lately returned to his suburban retreat in Hudson county, is a tried veteran of many years' some guano from Baltimore. In due time it was duly landed and stored in a building as one of potatoes. A planter ordered some last- ing, and wrote to Mr. Sloan to send him some bones pronto, the guano was sent to the planter, and the bones to farmer. As the bewildered look plain, when it was found that the guano had been sent to the planter, and the bones to the farmer. As the planter was not pleased with the guano, and complained that he had ordered bones, and not guano.

THE PLANETS.—There have been discovered by the astronomers of this twenty-three planets in all, making thirty-two planets on our solar system.

EXPLOSION OF GAS.—The house of Mr. Henry Clay, in Lexington, Ky., was shaken to its foundation, by an explosion caused by some careless person turning on the gas in the basement, and not the gas escaped. On ordering the room with a lighted candle, the explosion took place.

GERRIT SMITH has started a newspaper at Peterboro, entitled "The Madison County Abolitionist." Some of the notices at things higher lands call the "Abolitionist."

A Florida paper states, that according to a recent census recently made, the number of slaves in two hundred and eighty-six Indians in Florida, and only eighty-six of these were boys and girls under ten years of age.

A vessel called the *Jessamine*, owned by two respectable colored men in New Orleans, has been sold to a colored man in the same city, and is said to be engaged in the trade between that city and Charleston.

A colored teacher, named by Dr. Wm. C. Daniel, has been sent to Africa by the Maryland Colonization Society, at Lowell, to be located. The report was that the colonists will be found equal to the Dutch and Turkish kinds.

THE POPE AND HIS PRIEST.—We find the following interesting information in the N. Y. Journal of Commerce:

We learn from a very intelligent gentleman who has resided many years at Rome, and from which we have not, that a change in the policy of the Papal Government towards the Jews has of late ago than that which he has recently practiced towards the Protestant Christian subjects of Southern Europe. It is stated that he has ever yet had the courage to set foot in Rome as a Cardinal. The main prudence liberal views. Pius IX. is a man of a very different touch indeed. He has been long opposed to the encroachments of the Jesuits, and especially to the Sacred College. It is believed that his intention is to make Father Ventura, Cardinal; in this case, a new Cabinet will be chosen, and the most liberal measures will be adopted. The Pope will then go to Paris, and crown Louis Napoleon Emperor of the West, and Victoria Empress of the East, which would make the Queen of Austria and some other powers, as well as the Pope, very much displeased.

It is even said that a change is not impossible in the Ecclesiastical Code. It is believed that the Court of Vienna begins to be convinced that concessions will be made to the Italian agitations in Lombardy and other parts of Italy, and especially that the Pope will be induced to more prudent of the despots feel that there is no alternative but to do it, and that the Pope would suppose that it might not to require much longitudy to perceive this.

LAST MOMENTS OF THE VAN PELTSPIPE.—The Rev. Dr. Cheever, who attended professor and fugitive slave, who resides at Dover, Canada West, and Uncle Sam's Rebellion.

MR. SIDNEY SMITH, a long encyclical letter to the French clergy, speaks of Louis Napoleon as a man who has been raised up by God to be the Emperor of the French, and of the Empress as the Queen of the Lord, and of the Prince Imperial as the heir to the throne.

A colored minister living in Cincinnati has received a letter from his brother in Virginia, stating that he and his family were about to be sold to the Richmond Republican.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the American Medical Association commenced its session in Philadelphia on the 5th inst. A discussion arose as to the place of meeting for next year, Washington was selected. Dr. Jonathan Knight, Connecticut, President—Dr. Usher Parsons, Rhode Island; Dr. Lund Condit, New Jersey; Dr. Frost, S. Caroline; Dr. H. L. Hosack, New York; Dr. L. L. Beadle, N. York; Dr. Wm. Darrach, Pennsylvania; Dr. D. Francis Condie, Pennsylvania—Three hundred and fifty delegates were present.

☞ Chinese ingenuity is said to have succeeded in teaching monkeys to gather tea on those spots which are not accessible to man but at the hazard of life.

☞ Owing to the spongy, springy nature of the soil in the hanging ground of San Francisco, many of the earthen stone interred, instead of decaying, have been converted into a substance having the texture of leather. The dead are, consequently, in a state of preservation.

☞ The cost of the dress of a French woman of fashion, at the present moment, is enormous; and to escape public censure, a single article must be costly.

Local News.

PHILADELPHIA, EASTON AND WATER-GAP RAILROAD COMPANY.—The Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, held on Monday, last inst., the name of the Philadelphia, Easton and Water-Gap Railroad Company. On the 30 resolution, none Whatsoever, was passed, declaring that the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, would not subscribe to the Company's stock. The line leaves the Lehigh by the Lehigh Water-Gap, and runs to the mouth of Pohatan's Gap, thence through the "Delaware," east of Stroudsburg, to the Water-Gap. The Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, have a large interest in the line of country, and across the mouth of Pohatan's Gap, and across the mouth of Pohatan's Gap, and across the mouth of Pohatan's Gap

Selected Poetry.

TAULER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Tauler, the Preacher, walked one autumn day
Where the walls of Strasburg, by the Rhine,
Pondered the solemn secrets of life;
As one who, wandering in a storied night,
Reads, incredulous, the page of romance,
And hears the thunder of an unknown sea
Breaking along an unimagined shore.

And as he walked he prayed. Even the same
Old prayer with which for half a score of years,
Morning and noon and evening, by and later
Had gone up from his lips and heart, "Lord!
Thou canst, while teaching others, I am blind;
Send into a man that can discern my way."

Then, as he mused, he heard along his path
A sound as of an old man's staff among
The dry dead leaves thrown, and, looking up,
He saw a stranger, weak and poor and old.

"Peace be unto thee, father!" Tauler said.
"And give thee a good day!" The old man raised
Slowly his calm blue eyes. "I thank thee, son!
But of days are good, and some are ill."

Wondering thereat, the Preacher spake again:
"And give thee happy life!" The old man smiled;
"I never on unhappy."

Tauler hid
His head upon the stranger's coarse gray sleeve
"Tell me, oh, father, what thy strange words mean!
Surely man's days are evil, and his life
Sad as the grave it leads to."

"Nay, my son
Our times are in God's hand, and all our days
Are as our needs: for shadow as for sun,
For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike
For thanks are due, since God is best, and knows
And time which is not, clearing our His life.
Is ever easy as deemed of speed
And for the happiness of which I spake,
I feel it in subsistence in His will.
And calm trust in the Holy Trinity
It's knowledge freedom, and blessed simplicity power."

Silently wondering for a little space,
Stood the great Preacher; then he spake in one
"If he, suddenly grasping with a haunting thought
Which long has followed whispering though the dark
Strange answers, deep it, shrinking, into light:
"What if God's will contains their better to hell?"

There, amid the strange, cheerless, "It is so."
What hell may be I know not; this I know,
I cannot lose the presence of the Lord,
For one, trembling, takes hold upon
His dear Humanity; the other, Love,
Clasps His Divinity. Where I go,
He goes, and finds Are-walled hell with Him.
Than golden gates Paradise without Him.

Tauler sprang to Tauler's eyes. A sudden light,
Like the first ray which fell on chaos, shone
Apart the cloud-a whereon he had walked
Darkly at noon. And, as the stranger old man
Went his slow way, until his form was lost
But like the white moon, where the hills of rime
Open to the Rhine, he bowed his head and wept.
"My prayer is answered. God hath sent the man
Long sought, to teach me. By his staff I see
Wisdom the weary schoolmen never knew."

So, entering with a changed and cheerful step
The city gates, he, for a time, was seen
A mighty shadow beside the light of noon,
Where busy, laughing hand fill in may time,
Darkening by many a pulse, the circle of its rime
O'er broad Swabia and lofty pedestrel.
Of architecture and frame and sculptured niche,
Up the stone lace-work chiselled by the wan
Terrors of Strasburg, Rose; up to where
In the noon brightness the great Minster's tower,
Overlaid with sunbeams as in mantle of fire,
Rose like a visible prayer. "Behold!" he said.
"Our strength is in weak places. Where no sister eyes
At yonder tower ministrations to the earth
The dark triangle of its shade is cast
When the clear day is closing on its top,
So, darkness in the pathway of man's life
Is cast the shadow of God's Providence,
By the great sun of wisdom cast farther
And whose at dark below in light is Heaven."

National Era.

Selected Articles.

HEALTH AND ARCHITECTURE

BY DR. J. E. BUCHANAN.

As the season of building has arrived, a few hints upon the construction of building, with reference to human health, cannot fail to be of great service to those who are about to erect a house, a thoughtful attention to health and the prolongation of life.

I believe that an immense amount of disease has been produced, and is still being produced, in our country by a total disregard of, and the neglect of the laws of health in the construction of our dwellings. I need not attempt to prove that human health depends largely upon the enjoyment of a fresh, uncontaminated atmosphere. It is not sufficient that the sleeping places should be merely free from any offensive exhalations which the chemist can detect, for the atmospheric source of cholera, yellow fever, and eruptive diseases, have yet been unrecognized by science; and every one knows that an atmosphere may be charged with most offensive and deleterious exhalations, which can unrecognize by the sense of smell, when they are altogether imperceivable by chemical analysis.

In building our houses, we desire to place them as remote as possible from filthy exhalations, and all decaying substances, and the more attentive is given to the fact that the unwholesome exhalations which affect the atmosphere, and become a source of cadaver, and epidemic diseases, are more concentrated near the surface of the earth, and which is usually the range their influence, when we have selected the most elevated apartments possible. Houses in but a story in height, in which the whole life inhabitants sleep but two, three or four feet above the surface of the surrounding ground partially effected, necessarily expose their occupants to the torrential exhalations, of whatever character they may be. Sleeping apartments on the second floor are highly objectionable anywhere, but especially in cities. Yet, if there are no underground apartments are for none, and should never be tolerated in human habitations. There are driven by pressure to occupy such localities had for better occupy the poorer, geerest they can find, above the vapor of the street. If our population could be impressed with the importance of appropriating the highest apartments in their houses to sleeping chambers, it would have a material effect in retarding the spread of epidemics.

Dr. Rush informs us that, during the prevalence of the yellow fever in Philadelphia, those who occupied apartments on the third story were in less liable to attacks than those who resided lower. As one who will pass frequently from a ground-floor apartment, on a stench alley, to the third or fourth story, will satisfy himself of the great purity of the air, and the impurity of the atmosphere, in the higher and lower localities.

But while I would insist upon the importance of a lofty location for residences, and a fully open condition of the chambers, in relation to their importance to which I would call the attention of those who are building houses. As to be pure and healthy, requires certain state of exhalation. Whenever confined upon any spot on the surface of the earth, it becomes saturated with the exhalations of the substances with which it is in contact, and as much of those are usually of a vegetable or animal character, they undergo a rapid decomposition, and the decomposition of their exhalations, gives rise to that form of the air which is injurious to health. The surface of the earth is full of organic materials and remnants of vegetable, and, even where we do not at once recognize vegetable growth, minute animals, possessing some species of vegetable life often present. It is, therefore, certain that confined air, unless it be confined by dry, will become or more or less unwholesome, in proportion only it is because in consequence of the exhalations of the surface of the earth, and more especially in consequence of its being deprived of the beneficial influence of the sun. This is certainly not somewhat delineated in the passive electricity, as not the only defects. There are peculiar qualities imparted by the solar light which the neither calorific nor electricity, but which have a powerful influence on vegetation and upon sensitive human constitutions. Experimentally the experiments on the *oil of lemon*, and my own experiments in the relations of the human constitution to light, prove that the most refrangible rays are of great importance to animal and vegetable life. Of the latter influence I need not be getting; hence, whenever dwellings are so constructed as to provide places where the sun shall be confined in dark, cold, unclean situations, the best arrangements are made for the gradual production of disease. Even the effects of fogs alone, where condition is not extended, are known to be injurious.

The effects of a small portion of rush air upon the human constitution are not to prompt and alarming as those of much miasma, and not therefore seldom noticed or referred to their proper source. The slumping up, generally in cellars, basements and under floor spaces, reaches the inhabitants of upper apartments in no small quantities, that instead of producing any marked and sudden paroxysm of disease, it operates rather as a steadily tax upon their health, to suffer in its depressing influence as not to be appreciated. Yet, many an invalid, who fancies himself improved by a change of air, in going to another residence, is really relieved by escaping the unhealthy atmosphere which comes from beneath his own crowded floors.

Perhaps the majority of American houses are constructed in this respect in defiance of the laws of health. Either a cellar is dug, or the house is built one, two or three feet above the surface of the earth. In the former case, it is walled and paved, is a damp, dark, mouldy place, which has scarcely any ventilation and no sunshine. In the latter, which are usually walled and paved, and kept free from decaying vegetables, straw, timber, and the like, remember, are often places which no one can enter without perceiving that he is in the midst of a damp, nonthesome and oppressive atmosphere, the influence of which is at once depressing upon the lungs and upon the general vitality, from which one emerges into the sunlight and open air as if escaping from purgatory. How often, in passing along the streets of a crowded city, do we receive from mouldy cellars a blast of air unexpectedly offensive; and how can they who live above such cellars, daily inhaling small portions of such an atmosphere, escape its deleterious influence?

That the human race degenerates in damp, unventilated cellars and under sun floors, every one observes the population of large cities; and they who live immediately over cellars, must suffer the most deleterious effects, just in proportion as they inhale the cellar atmosphere. That such an atmosphere is calculated to produce scrofula and consumption, was shown by the experiments of a French physician, M. Coulier. In several cases of purulent expectoration, made upon dogs, rabbits and chickens, fed upon exactly the same diet—one set exposed to the open air and sunshine; the other confined in dark, damp and cold places—he found that, while the former were healthy and grew fat, healthy, the latter, with exactly the same diet, uniformly became consumptive, tubercular deposits occurred in their lungs. The laws of the human constitution being the same, we are authorized to affirm that the impure atmosphere which belongs to dark, damp, subterranean habitations, where ventilation is neglected is directly productive of consumption.

The common sense of mankind has condemned cellars as a place of and upon the ground floor, in a subjugated form, the evil still exists to an immense extent. Because the stories deprived from one to five feet below the surface of the earth, imperfectly lighted and ventilated, and having walls always more or less damp, if not mouldy, are still commonly occupied as apartments and sold, notwithstanding the universal sickly experience against their use. In Louisville, where basements were formerly much in fashion, they are now almost entirely abandoned. In Cincinnati, where basements were formerly much in fashion, they are now almost entirely abandoned